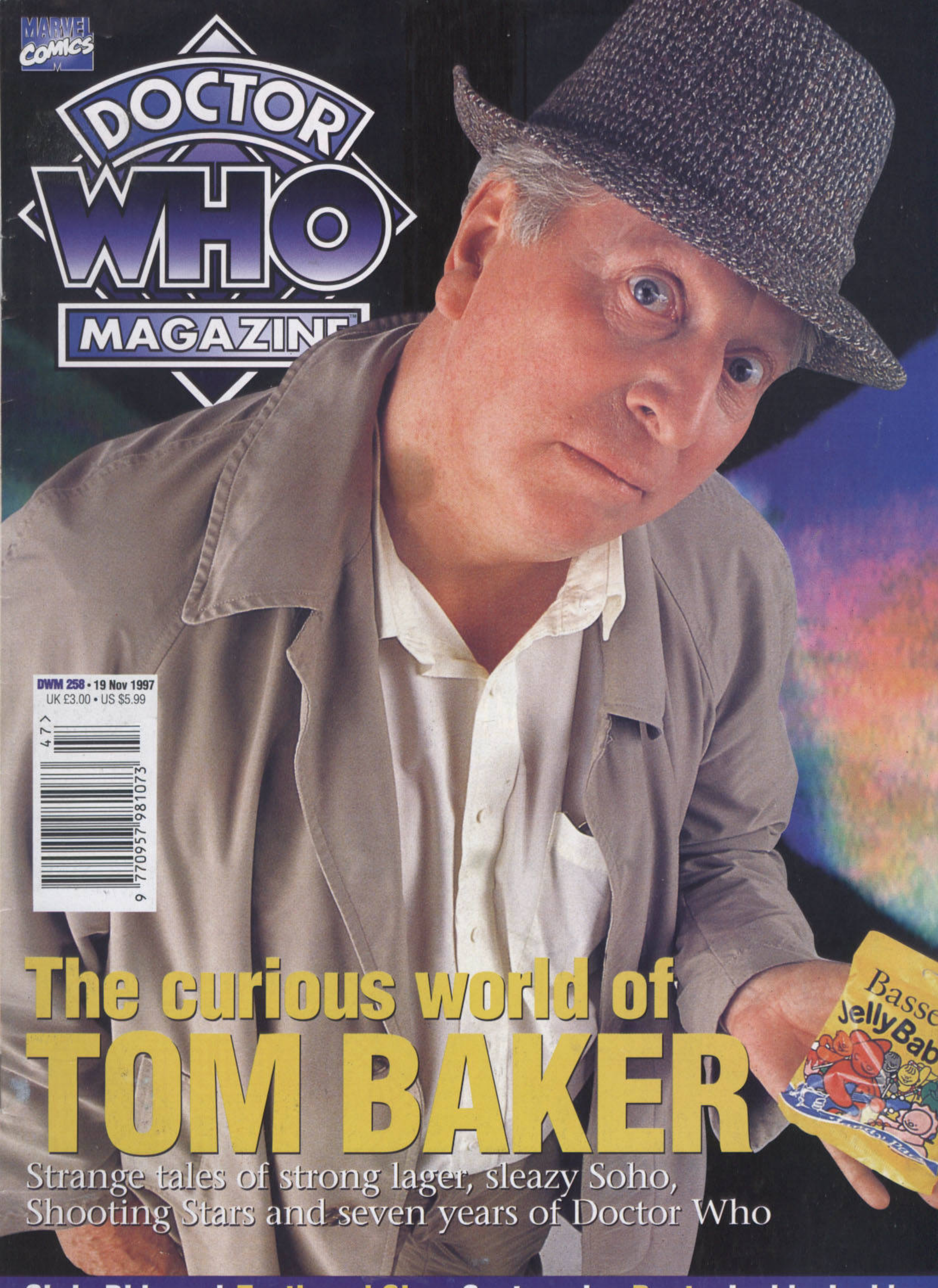
MARVEL COMICS

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

DWM 258 • 19 Nov 1997
UK £3.00 • US $5.99



The curious world of TOM BAKER

Strange tales of strong lager, sleazy Soho, Shooting Stars and seven years of Doctor Who

Chris Bidmead **Tooth and Claw** **Castrovalva** **Roots** **Jackie Jenkins**

Back issues

Here's a chance to plug any gaps in your *Doctor Who Magazine* collection and pick up issues you're missing. Only some of our stock is listed here. Some scarce older editions, plus specials, yearbooks and issues of *Classic Comics* will be offered next month. Please use the order form overleaf or a good copy. You can pay by cheque (payable to **Marvel Comics**), postal order, Visa or Mastercard – cash is not acceptable.

All magazines cost £4.00. UK inland postage and packing costs are included, overseas orders must add £1.00 (or US dollar equivalent) for surface mail delivery per magazine. As some issues are in short supply, please specify alternatives. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Send your completed form and payment to **Doctor Who Back Issues, PO Box 503, Leicester, England LE940AD**

SPACE GIRL

"When we did The Paradise of Death, Nick, Jon and I turned up in the radio studio on the first morning and thought 'My God, is this going to work?'"

KEY TO LISTING
Ar Archive **Ft** Feature **It** Interview **St** Strip **Ts** Telesnap Archive **Tx** Text fiction

DWM 210 Free postcards **It** Philip Hinchcliffe; Angus Lennie; Glen McCoy **Ar** *Terror of the Zygons* **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 6 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Rosemariners; New Adventures* authors **St** *Cuckoo 3* **Tx** *Tragedy Day* (Gareth Roberts)
DWM 211 Free postcards **It** Roberta Tovey **Ar** *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 2 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Rosemariners; The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* special effects **St** *Uninvited Guest* (Warwick Gray/John Ridgeway) **Tx** *Legacy* (Gary Russell)
DWM 212 **It** Deborah Watling; Pauline Collins **Ar** *The Faceless Ones* **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 4 **Ft** What the Papers Said; *The Colin Baker Years* **St** *Victims* 1 (Dan Abnett/Colin Andrew) **Tx** *Theatre of War* (Justin Richards); *Useless Things* (David Carroll)
DWM 213 Sold out
DWM 214 Free postcards **It** Janet Fielding; Peter Davison **Ar** *The Tenth Planet* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space 2* **Ft** Missing Stories, *Hex;* **St** *Victims* 3 **Tx** *All-Blood Harvest* (Terrance Dicks); *Roses* (Robert Mammone)
DWM 215 Free postcards **It** Louise Jameson; David Troughton; Peter Davison **Ar** *The Curse of Peladon* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 4 **Ft** Reeltime Pictures **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 1 *(Gareth Roberts/Martin Geraghty)* **Tx** *Strange England* (Simon Messingham)
DWM 216 **It** Sylvester McCoy; Keff McCulloch; John Challis; Kenneth Gilbert **Ar** *The Monster of Peladon* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 6 **Ft** Editing *The Seeds of Doom*; Readers' Survey; BBV **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 2 **Tx** *First Frontier* (David McIntee)
DWM 217 Bumper Issue **It** Lalla Ward; Sylvester McCoy; Pip and Jane Baker **Ar** *The Mark of the Rani* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 2 **Ft** *Doctor Who and Tanni;* Historical stories **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 3 **Tx** *St Anthony's Fire* (Mark Gatiss)
DWM 218 Free index **It** Sarah Sutton; Sylvester McCoy **Ar** *The Ark in Space* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 4 **Ft** Peter Cushing tribute; Missing Stories, *The Doomsday Contract*; Roy Castle tribute; What the Censor Saw **St** *Food for Thought* 1 (Nick Briggs/Colin Andrew) **Tx** *Falls the Shadow* (Daniel O'Mahoney)
DWM 219 Free index **It** Caroline John; Sylvester McCoy; Milton Johns **Ar** *The Enemy of the World* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 6 **Ft** *The Zero Imperative*; Missing Stories, *The Doomsday Contract, Shakedown*; What the Censor Saw **St** *Food for Thought* 2
DWM 220 Sold out
DWM 221 **It** Carole Ann Ford; Rex Tucker **Ar** *The Gunfighters* **Ts** *The Underwater Menace* 2 **Ft** What the Censor Saw; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Change of Mind* 1 (Kate Orman/Barrie Mitchell) **Tx** *Parasite* (Jim Mortimore)
DWM 222 Sold out
DWM 223 **It** Michael Hayes; David Driver **Ar** *The Armageddon Factor* **Ts** *The Underwater Menace* 4 **Ft** The future in *Doctor Who*; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Change of Mind* 3 **Tx** *Infinite Requiem* (Daniel Blythe)
DWM 224 Free collectors' cards **It** Andrew Cartmel; Michael Hayes **Ar** *The Abominable Snowmen* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 1 **Ft** The Second Doctor; *Doctor Who* on the internet **St** *Land of the Blind* 1 (W Scott Gray/Lee Sullivan)

All the news on the brand new Doctor Who TV Movie!
DOCTOR WHO
Paul McGann is the Doctor!

DWM 225 **It** Michael Craze; Sylvia James; Nicholas Parsons; Andrew Cartmel **Ar** *The Curse of Fenric* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 2 **Ft** *Eye of the Beholder* **St** *Land of the Blind* 2 **Tx** *Sanctuary* (David McIntee)
DWM 226 Sold out
DWM 227 **It** Mark Strickson; Nicholas Courtney; Sophie Aldred (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Snakedance* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 4 **Ft** Alien worlds in *Doctor Who; Doctor Who* audio books **St** *Up Above the Gods* (Richard Alan/Lee Sullivan) **Tx** *Meridians* 1 (Andrew Cartmel)
DWM 228 **It** John Leeson; Nicholas Courtney; Gary Cady; Matthew Waterhouse (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *The Ark* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** Missing Stories, *The Song of the Space Whale* **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty) **Tx** *Meridians* 2 (Andrew Cartmel)
DWM 229 **It** John Bloomfield; Nicholas Courtney **Ar** *The Face of Evil* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** *Downtime;* Vox pops; Missing Stories, *The Song of the Space Whale* **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* 2 **Tx** *Meridians* 3
DWM 230 **It** Nicholas Mallett; Jeremy Bear; Judy Cornwell; Richard Briers; Howard Cooke; John Levene; Caroline John (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *The Mutants* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* 3
DWM 231 **It** William Russell; David Brierley; Will Barton; Julian Holloway; Chris Clough; Louise Jameson (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Timelash* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** *The Five Doctors Special Edition*; Michael Wisher tribute **St** *Operation Proteus* 1 (Gareth Roberts/Martin Geraghty)
DWM 232 Sold out
DWM 233 Sold out
DWM 234 Sold out
DWM 235 **It** Bob Baker/Dave Martin; Verity Lambert **Ar** *The Web of Fear* **Ts** *The Highlanders* 3 **Ft** Class 4G on *Terror of the Zygons*; The JN-T Memoirs 3 **St** *Black Destiny* 1 (Gary Russell/Martin Geraghty)
DWM 236 **It** Nicola Bryant; Sheila Ruskin; Bob Baker/Dave Martin **Ar** *The Keeper of Traken* **Ts** *The Highlanders* 4 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 4; The New Doctor **St** *Black Destiny* 2 **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 1 (Alan Barnes)
DWM 237 **It** Jean Marsh; Nicola Bryant **Ar** *The Sontaran Experiment* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 1 **Ft** *The Evil of the Daleks* appreciation; The JN-T Memoirs 5; The Sixth Doctor and violence **St** *Black Destiny* 3 **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 2
DWM 238 **It** Paul McGann; Geoffrey Sax; Daphne Ashbrook **Ar** *Colony in Space* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 2 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 6 **St** *Ground Zero* 1 (Scott Gray/Martin Geraghty) **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 3
DWM 239 **It** Sylvester McCoy; Matthew Jacobs; Eric Roberts; Beryl Reid **Ar** *Earthshock* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 3 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 7; Vox pops **St** *Ground Zero* 2

20 moments when you know you're watching the greatest television series ever made . . .
20
"It could mean the end of the war . . ."
"You can't mend people!"
19

DOCTOR WHO
PAUL McGANN
The mourning after . . .

DWM 240 **It** Philip Segal; Mark Eden **Ar** *Marco Polo* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 4 **Ft** TV Movie review; Survey results; The JN-T Memoirs 8 **St** *Ground Zero* 3
DWM 241 **It** Jon Pertwee *(Out/TARDIS)*; Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** *The Dæmons* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 6 **Ft** Jon Pertwee tribute; Jon Pertwee remembered **St** *Ground Zero* 5
DWM 242 **It** Nicholas Courtney *(Out/TARDIS)*; Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** *The Space Pirates* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 5 **Ft** Class 4G on TV Movie; *Doctor Who*'s 20 greatest moments **St** *Ground Zero* 4
DWM 243 Sold out
DWM 244 Cybermen special **It** Kevin Clarke; David Banks **Ar** *Silver Nemesis* **Ft** J'adore/J'accuse the Cybermen; Guide to conventions; Time travel in *Doctor Who* 2 **St** *Endgame* 1 (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty)
DWM 245 **It** Chris Clough **Ar** *The Mind Robber* **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 9; Roots 1; *Who* stories with the same plot; The High Council on TV Movie **St** *Endgame* 2
DWM 246 **It** Pennant Roberts **Ar** *The Time Warrior* **Ft** The future of *Doctor Who;* Panopticon 96; 20 forgotten functions of the TARDIS; The JN-T Memoirs 10 **St** *Endgame* 3
DWM 247 Sold out
DWM 248 Sold out
DWM 249 **It** Wendy Padbury *(Out/TARDIS)*; Graham Williams **Ar** *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Five-Eight **Ft** Cliffhangers; The JN-T Memoirs 13 **St** *The Daleks* 1 (John Lawrence/Ron Turner); *The Keep* 2 (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty)
DWM 250 Free poster; new look **It** Barry Letts *(Out/TARDIS)*; Elisabeth Sladen **Ar** *Genesis of the Daleks* **Ft** History of DWM; Readers' 10 other great *Who* moments; Vox Pops **St** *The Daleks 2; A Life of Matter and Death* (Alan Barnes/Sean Longcroft)
DWM 251 **It** Graham Williams; Elisabeth Sladen **Ar** *The Romans* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 1 **Ft** Personality of the Doctor; *Doctor Who* dictionary; Roots 3 **St** *The Daleks* 3; *Fire and Brimstone* 1 (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty)
DWM 252 **Ar** *The Ambassadors of Death* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 2 **Ft** Terry Nation tribute; Overview of the *New Adventures*; Personality of the Doctor **St** *The Daleks* 4; *Fire and Brimstone* 2
DWM 253 **It** Michael Ferguson; Mark Ayres; Peter Moffatt **Ar** *The Pirate Planet* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 3 **Ft** Rebuilding of *The War Machines*; Roots 4; Readers' Survey results **St** *The Daleks* 5; *Fire and Brimstone* 3
DWM 254 **It** Yee Jee Tso (*Out/TARDIS*) Peter Moffatt; Tristan de Vere Cole; John Davies **Ar** *The Wheel in Space* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 4 **Ft** The Master; Manopticon 5 **St** *The Daleks* 6; *Fire and Brimstone* 4

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
BACK ISSUES ORDER FORM

Name
Address
Postcode
ssues required
Alternative issues (in order of preference)

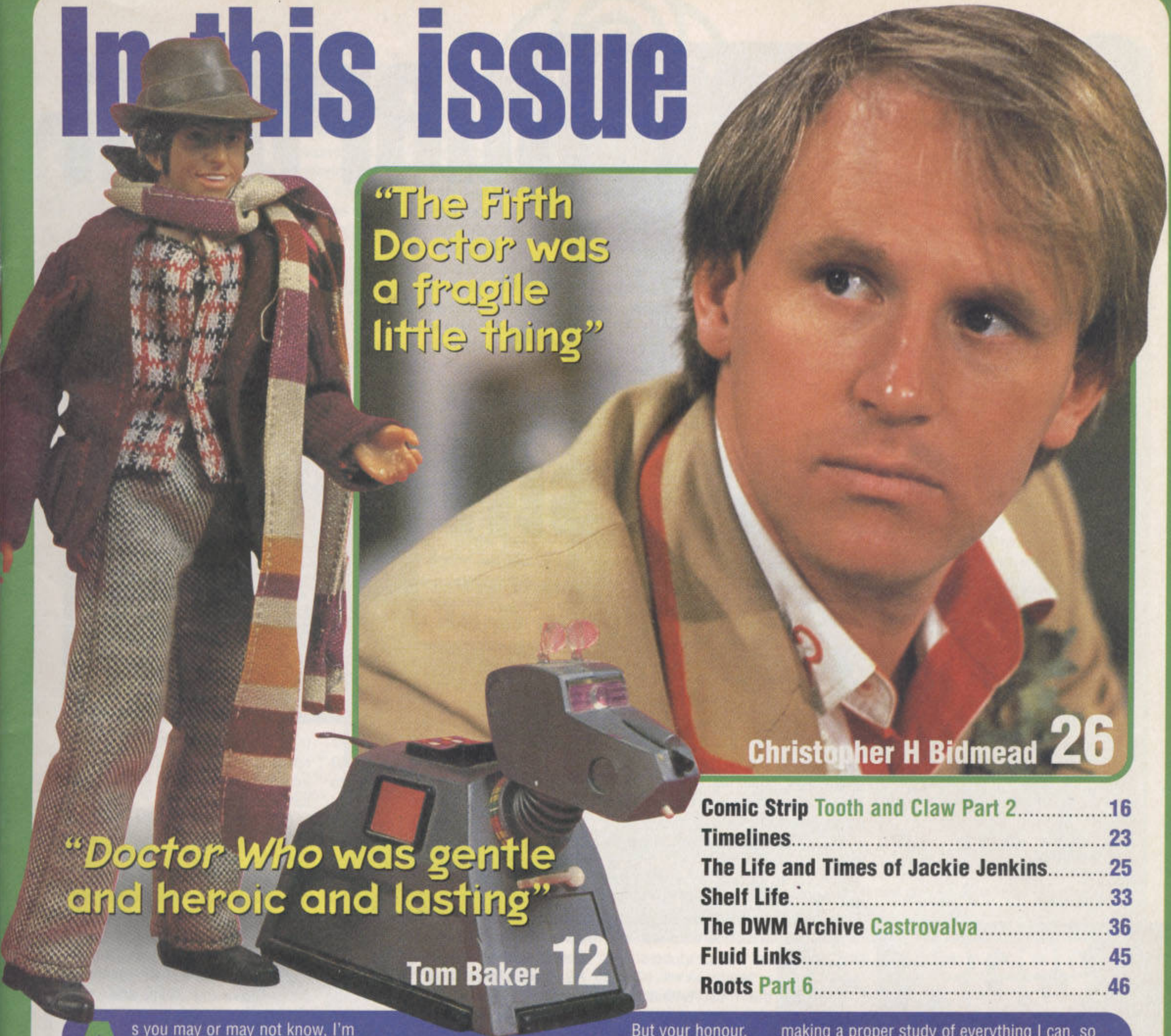
METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ I enclose a cheque made payable to Marvel Comics for £

☐ Please charge my Visa Mastercard to the sum of £

My card number is
expiry date
signature

In this issue



"The Fifth Doctor was a fragile little thing"

Christopher H Bidmead 26

"Doctor Who was gentle and heroic and lasting"

Tom Baker 12

Comic Strip Tooth and Claw Part 2................16
Timelines..23
The Life and Times of Jackie Jenkins...........25
Shelf Life..33
The DWM Archive Castrovalva.......................36
Fluid Links..45
Roots Part 6...46

As you may or may not know, I'm writing a book about *Doctor Who* to be published by the Beeb next year. It's OK, I'm not going to start banging on about it in detail, it's just that the fact is relevant to this month's little editorial tale.

I have something to confess. (Well, in fact I have lots of things to confess, but I'll save all of that for a future issue.) Despite passing myself off as a well-informed and knowledgeable fan who can be trusted with the editorship of this august publication, I have to admit that I haven't actually seen all of *Doctor Who*. I'm not talking here about long-lost epics from the sixties – I couldn't possibly feel ashamed about not catching *Marco Polo* when I was minus seven – no, I'm talking about reasonably readily available bread-and-butter stuff.

The collection of unexplored realms numbers: *Inside the Spaceship*, *The Sensorites*, what's left of *The Reign of Terror*, *The Rescue*, *The Space Museum*, those odd episodes of *The Underwater Menace* and *The Faceless Ones*, *The Seeds of Death*, *The Ambassadors of Death*, *The Mind of Evil*, *Colony in Space*, *The Mutants* and most of *The Time Monster*.

Shame on me, I know.

But your honour, I do have a reason. Seriously, I derive quite a warm feeling from always having something left to see. On these terms, *Doctor Who* hasn't really ceased production – I have more than a sixties season's worth of new episodes (or four late eighties ones) to look forward to!

But now, all that has to change. On *DWM*, my enthusiasm can cover a multitude of sins, and I can employ talented freelancers who know these episodes in detail, but I can't possibly hope to write the alternative history of "the kid's own programme that adults adore" without making a proper study of everything I can, so the next couple of months will be spent alone in my flat, breathing deeply of these neglected adventures. Oh dear, I almost went barmy last time I tried this, I'd better find some company.

A positive side-effect from this, however, will be that I will be coming to this material fresh. I will do my best to ensure that I put away all my preconceptions and prejudices before sitting down at *The Edge of Destruction* (so to speak). In doing so, I hope to look past the received opinion on the material and see it as its original audience saw it. I don't expect that this will be easy. I grew up with the *Doctor Who Monthly*s of Jeremy Bentham and Richard Landen, and the books of Peter Haining. Important writers all, but as Philip MacDonald observed a couple of months ago in these pages, those were the days when we learned by rote what was 'good' and 'bad' *Doctor Who*. Perhaps that will be as difficult to un-learn as my six times table. I hope not. But I'll let you know how it goes.

At least we know now that there is no such thing as a sure-fire 'good' or 'bad' *Who* story. The truth is, they are *all* fantastic.

Except of course, when they're not.

Gary

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Design **Michael Yeowell**

Thanks to **Tom Baker, Christopher H Bidmead, Ness Bishop, Stephen Cole, Sue Cowley, Helen Gould, David J Howe, John Nathan-Turner, Dave Owen, Robin Prichard, Adrian Rigelsford, Stephen James Walker, Martin Wiggins, Chris Windsor, BBC Books, HarperCollins, In·Vision, Virgin Books**

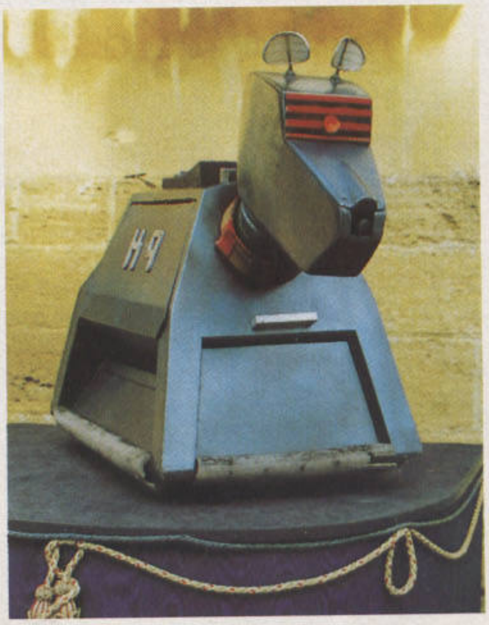
For display advertising, contact Ray James at Essential Media on 0171 833 8030

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 258. Published by **Marvel Comics**, a division of Panini UK Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. *Production* Mark Irvine & JP Fahy; *Product Manager* Kirsty Hosmer; *Art Director* Helen Nally; *Managing Editor* Alan O'Keefe; *Managing Director* Richard Maskell. Published every four weeks. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBCtv 1996. *Doctor Who* logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Diamond logo © BBC Worldwide Publications 1973. Daleks © Terry Nation. All other material is © Marvel Comics unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 0171-261 5555. Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

Gallifrey Guardian

Robot dog's comeback still on track

K9 prepares to slip leash!



T*he Adventures of K9*, the proposed spin-off series featuring the Fourth Doctor's popular robot pet exclusively revealed to be in pre-production in *DWM* 253, remains in active development despite a number of setbacks over the summer.

Produced by Paul Tams and Bob Baker, the latter K9's co-creator, a pilot four-part series with a "seven-figure" budget was due to be shooting this autumn. Wondering why the project appeared to have stalled, *DWM* collared a spokesperson for the venture in early October, who revealed that the delay had been caused by the sudden withdrawal of one key investor. All-new potential partners had been found, she confirmed, but their participation was contingent upon the construction of a working model of the "radically redesigned for a nineties and beyond audience" version of the dog so crucial to the producers' plans. A "stunning" full-size working prototype is being built at the moment.

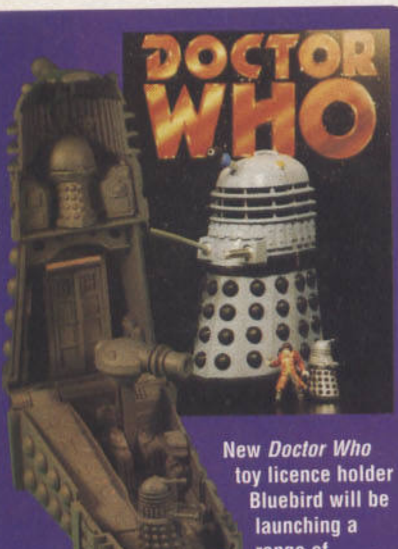
In addition, extra work is being done to rewrite the series' original storylines to appeal to a younger, pre-teen audience as well as *Doctor Who* fans: "We think we can find a brand new audience who will love K9," enthused the producers' PR agent.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of this realignment of the series is the news that the producers are no longer looking to home video release as a key element of their strategy, but to broadcast television only: "video is too limiting", they claim.

At the peak of his late seventies notoriety, K9's popularity threatened to eclipse even that of the Doctor himself. Introduced in 1977 adventure *The Invisible Enemy*, K9 would be a constant companion to the Doctor up to 1980's *Warriors' Gate*. The character has, of course, inspired one spin-off film already: BBC1's Christmas 1981 50-minute pilot *K9 and Company: A Girl's Best Friend*, which paired the hound with another former companion – Sarah Jane Smith, played by Elisabeth Sladen (indeed, the three versions of K9 known to exist in the series all departed in the company of another of the Doctor's assistants – Leela and Romana being another two of the dog's 'current owners'). The identity of the "number of new, young sidekicks" who will feature in this new set of K9 escapades remains unknown, and no further information on these characters is forthcoming.

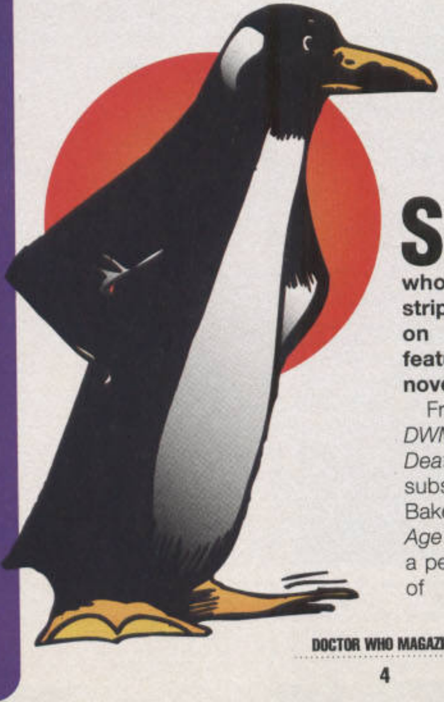
Subject to the ultimate approval of the producers' new proposed partners – and we are highly amused by the notion of the new K9 trundling along the length of a boardroom table in some swish executive penthouse! – it is hoped that a full deal can be struck in the first half of 1998, with K9's return proper following shortly afterwards. *DWM* still hopes to be able to publish exclusive blueprints for the new-look metal mutt in the none-too-distant future.

Watch this space!



New *Doctor Who* toy licence holder Bluebird will be launching a range of limited edition *Collectors' Classics* in the spring with a minature Dalek play set.

The pre-production mock ups here show the main features. A five-inch high Dalek opens up into a compact Dalek command centre (the finished version will be brightly coloured). The small Dalek can roll down the lower level ramp, the dome of the Emperor opens to display Davros and the TARDIS contains a tiny Fourth Doctor figure complete with sonic screwdriver!



Speculation mounts over return of Frobisher

Penguin p-p-picked up by BBC Books?

Subject to contract, it's hoped that Frobisher, the shape-changing Whifferdill who accompanied the comic strip Sixth and Seventh Doctors on their *DWM* travels, will feature in a BBC Sixth Doctor novel to be released next June.

Frobisher was last glimpsed in *DWM* 250's *A Life of Matter and Death*, but took a rather more substantial role in 1994's Colin Baker-scripted graphic novel *The Age of Chaos*. Stuck in the form of a penguin since contracting a bout of monomorphia, Frobisher is reportedly keen to take up BBC Books' offer – but his appearance, we understand, depends upon his being released from his current contract to star in several John Smiths Bitter adverts alongside droll comedian Jack Dee. The penguin's first BBC adventure will come from the pen of David A McIntee.

Certain for next May is Third Doctor and Jo Grant adventure *Catastrophea*, to be penned by former script editor Terrance Dicks – who, of course, supervised all the television adventures featuring that very team.

More news in brief . . .

CD-ROM *Doctor Who: Destiny of the Doctors* now has a "reasonably definite" launch date of 7 November (a BBC Worldwide spokesperson warns us that "there's always the potential for slippage", however). Baffling technical gubbins all being well, *Shelf Life* hopes to bring you a full review of the game next issue . . . At the recent and highly successful PanoptiCon convention (congratulations to organisers Dominitemporal Services and all other willing volunteers) Nicholas Courtney (aka The Brig) was invested as Honourary President of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society, after winning a members' poll by a huge margin. Nick never removed his chain of office for the whole weekend, and promises to take his new duties very seriously . . . **Nick is also the guide for a *Doctor Who*-themed 'Christmas Tour of London' on Sunday 14 December, The trip will take a number of tour attendees around "many central London locations where *Doctor Who* was filmed" (SAE to 87 Moretons Place, Pitsea, Essex SS13 3NA, or phone 01268 581 317, for further details) . . .** The BBC are in the early stages of preparing a huge science fiction website. Expect dedicated *Doctor Who* pages when the site – working title 'Planet Beeb' – launches in the New Year . . . **In response to numerous requests, we regret to announce that, sadly, we're not able to host a second *DWM* Christmas Party this year. However, keep your diaries clear for the spring; we're hoping (only hoping, mind) that a follow-up event might be possible thenabouts . . .** And finally, those who've been writing to express concern that, according to hearsay, *DWM*'s licence might not be renewed by BBC Worldwide can fret no longer: Marvel have recently extended the licence. With your continued support, we're afraid you're stuck with us well into the 21st century, friends . . .

The Brigadier: a born leader

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television **Tom Baker**'s narration of *Tales of Aesop* is set to be reshown on Wednesday mornings on BBC2 during November. **Colin Baker** plays William Guthrie in an episode of *The Bill*, filmed at the end of September. November will see the broadcast of AA/RAC comedy *The Last Salute* by *Men Behaving Badly*'s Simon Nye, directed by **Graeme Harper**, plus *The Phoenix and the Carpet* produced and directed by **Michael Kerrigan** (*Battlefield*) – which includes **Lesley Dunlop** (*Frontios*/*The Happiness Patrol*) as Eliza. **Frazer Hines**' series *Out of Sight* (see **DWM** 255) began on ITV on 23 October. **Andrew Morgan** (*Time and the Rani*/*Remembrance of the Daleks*) directed recent ITV children's comedy *Knight School*, which starred **Peter Jeffrey**. **Eric Roberts** plays a killer on the loose in new TV movie *False Pretence*. **Jo Wright**, the BBC executive producer on last year's *Doctor Who* TV Movie, has been appointed LWT Controller of Drama – and that project's production designer, **Richard Hudolin**, has been nominated for an Art Direction CableACE Award for his work on *Stargate SG-1*.

Film **Paul McGann** may attend the London Film Festival during November for the UK premieres of his two movies *Fairytale – A True Story* (on the 18th) and *Downtime* (on the 22nd). In the former he plays the father of two girls who questionably took photos of fairies in 1916, while in thriller *Downtime* he plays a man trapped in a tower block.

Stage **Bonnie Langford** and her husband Paul have set up a theatre production company and are planning a West End revival of the musical *Sweet Charity*, which she recently performed on Radio 2. Looking ahead to Christmas, **Sylvester McCoy** will appear as the Sheriff of Nottingham in *Robin Hood* at the Lewisham Theatre, while **Peter Davison** will be at the Cambridge Arts as Buttons in *Cinderella*.

Obituaries **Paul Bernard**, director of *Day of the Daleks*, *The Time Monster* and *Frontier in Space*, died on 25 September. He also directed several *Tomorrow People* stories and had recently completed a *Myth Makers* interview video with fellow director Chris Barry, to be released, with his widow's blessing, in November. **Jack May**, who was General Hermack in *The Space Pirates*, died on 19 September aged 75. His role as sidekick William E Simms in *Adam Adamant Lives!* will probably be best remembered by fantasy television aficionados. **Royston Tickner**, who played director Steinberger P Green in *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Feast of Steven* and boatman Robbins in *The Sea Devils* Episode One, also passed away recently.

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

3 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The E-Space Trilogy*** *Full Circle, State of Decay, Warriors' Gate* with footage from CD-ROM [Fourth Doctor, Romana, K9 & Adric] *BBC Video* £34.99

Audio ***Vengeance on Varos*** (Colin Baker reads abridged novelisation) [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Audio* £5.99

7 November

CD-ROM ***Doctor Who: Destiny of the Doctors*** *BBC Multimedia* £29.99

20 November

Novel ***The New Adventures: Ghost Devices*** by Simon Bucher-Jones [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The Eighties*** [paperback] *Virgin Books* £12.99

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The Second Doctor Handbook*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *Virgin Books* £4.99

24 November

Novel ***Doctor Who: Alien Bodies*** by Lawrence Miles [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

DOCTOR WHO
SHORT TRIPS
A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Roundheads*** by Mark Gatiss [Second Doctor, Ben, Polly & Jamie] *BBC Books* £4.99

18 December

Novel ***The New Adventures: Mean Streets*** by Terrance Dicks [Bernice & Chris Cwej] *Virgin Books* £4.99

5 January 1998

Video ***Timelash*** [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Kursaal*** by Peter Anghelides [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Face of the Enemy*** by David A McIntee [The Master & UNIT] *BBC Books* £4.99

15 January

Novel ***The New Adventures: Tempest*** by Chris Bulis [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

5 February

Novel ***Doctor Who: Option Lock*** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Eye of Heaven*** by Jim Mortimore [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

12 February

Novel ***The New Adventures: Walking to Babylon*** by Kate Orman [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

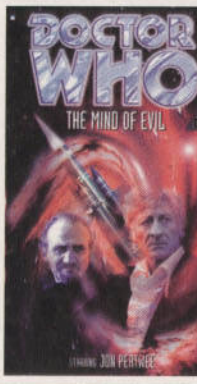
2 March

Video ***Doctor Who: Battlefield*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99 (rrp)

Novel ***Doctor Who: Longest Day*** by Mike Collier [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Short stories ***Doctor Who: Short Trips*** by various [All Doctors] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Witch Hunters*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Susan] *BBC Books* £4.99



12 March

Novel ***The New Adventures: Oblivion*** by Dave Stone [Bernice & others] *Virgin* £4.99

7 April

Novel ***Doctor Who: Legacy of the Daleks*** by John Peel [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Hollow Men*** by Martin Day & Keith Topping [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

DOCTOR WHO
SEEING I

4 May

Video ***Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil*** [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreamstone Moon*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Catastrophea*** by Terrance Dicks [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

9 April

Novel ***The New Adventures: Dry Pilgrimage*** by Paul Leonard & Nick Walters *Virgin* £4.99

1 June

Novel ***Doctor Who: Seeing I*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Placebo Effect*** by Gary Russell [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

4 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 September

Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba

DOCTOR WHO
BATTLEFIELD
STARRING SYLVESTER McCOY

This is Ground Control to Major Tom . . .

etts
Babies

He's a spaced-out oddity who inhabits a world of Dickens, dingy bars and the dead . . . He's **Tom Baker**, the fourth and most popular Doctor, and he's busy publicising his forthcoming autobiography. Seizing the opportunity, **Gary Gillatt** tried to get the measure of the man – only to come away more confused than ever . . .

Session photography by **Chris Windsor**
Interview photography by **Robin Prichard**

"Sorry, but there is no-one of that name in the hotel," chimes the receptionist, oozing condescension.

"But . . . but . . . Excuse me?"

"There is no-one called Tom Baker at this hotel."

I look down at the page of my diary and there it still is: September 17, 12 noon, the Langham Hilton Hotel, Portland Street – *Tom*. Just 'Tom' mind; no surnames are necessary for this one.

Damn, damn, damn. Have I got the wrong day? It's taken far too long to get even this close and I'm too wound up to deal with the situation in a mature or competent way. For a moment I feel that one of two things might happen. If this is my fault, I'll collapse in an exhausted and sobbing heap on the marble, or, if it's not, I'll vent my frustration on this smug receptionist with a stream of vitriol that would make a Paratroop sergeant wince and look away in discomfort.

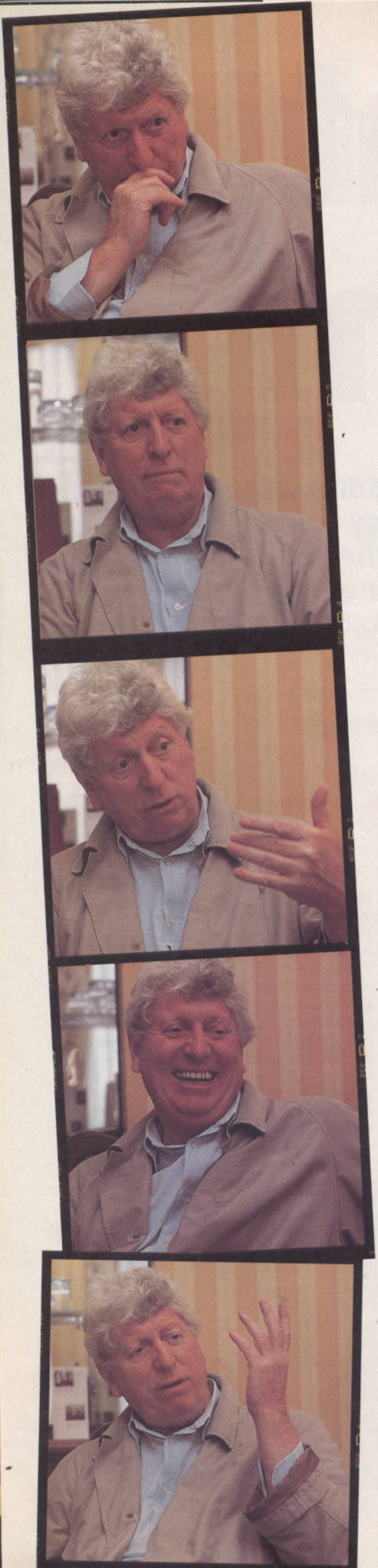
I'm in complete denial. I hear myself saying, "OK, I'll wait over here" and take two steps back until I bang up against a pillar. I smile thinly at the receptionist who smiles thinly back. He obviously feels I'm not improving the aesthetics of his hotel.

Until the middle of last year, I'd never imagined that I'd be able to get a new – or at least a worthwhile – interview with Tom Baker for *Doctor Who Magazine*. But then Tom announced that he was writing his autobiography and all bets were off. Books need publicity and publicity means interviews. At Panini Mansions we planned and plotted, and came up with what we thought was the perfect hook for a new piece with Tom Baker. The deal was to be this. He, I, and a photographer would head off into the darkest dens of Soho for an evening, as the man himself took us on a guided tour of his old haunts from the double life that was his last years in *Doctor Who* – the pubs, the bars, the private drinking clubs. He, in principle, would be amused and entertained by the prospect or spinning stories of those times (we were concerned about failing to limbo under Tom's famously low boredom threshold) and we would get an entertaining photo-led feature; one in which we'd find out exactly where you escape to play when you are the most popular man on TV. We thought it was a pitch he couldn't refuse.

And with crushing inevitability, we were wrong.

Tom wrote back:

I have applied what passes for my mind to your proposition. Now my feelings are as follows. My love of low life in the Who *years was of course expressed in clubs and pubs and dreadful dumps where lonely people and frightened actors gathered together in the hope that the party would never be over. Now while it is possible to talk and write about these people and places, they are (with the passing of time) about as emotive as a blue plaque on a wall. And all this for the simple reason that, as Gertrude Stein said of roses, "a bar is a bar is a bar." So, without Francis Bacon (dead) or Jeff Bernard (legless) or Dan Fasson (in Devon) or Mick Tobin (dead) or Gaston B (dead)*



"Doctor Who was a happy confusion, I didn't know what I was going to do with that"

or Tony Harris (dead) – Christ, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Without the above cast list, where will there be anything except the loneliness and emptiness of rooms where we murmur; "Francis sat there, Jeff fell through that window" etc?

But you are so full of energy and good ideas – and it is a one-off – that I think it would be so good to look at another angle. Such as? Well I won't pretend that I know one right off, but there must surely be one.

I hope you have heard or believe that I seriously admire the fans. I adore them. I worry that, your enthusiasm aside, they are not always served well. So whatever you decide I shall do my best. I want your readers to feel good, real good, and not ripped off. Think on it – Tom B.

So, with the Tom's initial interest and support not in question, we made our formal approaches to the publicity department of HarperCollins, Tom's publisher. We cajoled, then hassled, then pleaded, and at first we were offered various forms of special access and unique insights. But as the months passed, all that seemed to evaporate as HarperCollins became aware that they had a possible *mainstream* smash hit on their hands, not just – as they might have seen it – an eccentric memoir for 30,000 *Doctor Who* loyalists. We continued to bleat. "But we're the official *Doctor Who* magazine," I would listen to myself whine (always the last and sorriest resort) only to hear the indulgent 'Uh-huh' of a publicist who is busy negotiating a serialisation with the *Daily Mail*. Finally, they shut me up with the offer of an hour-and-a-half of the man's time on his first main interview day. Later I become aware that either side of my slot are further sessions (shorter, I observe smugly) with other sci-fi genre magazines. So much for special access. I realise I will have to rely on Tom's memory of his own promises of indulgence.

"Excuse me?" It's the oleaginous receptionist again.

"Yes? Is he here?"

"He is indeed, Mr Gillatt" – he deliberately mispronounces my name, I was quite clear – "Room 423."

"So he *is* in this hotel then."

"He is now."

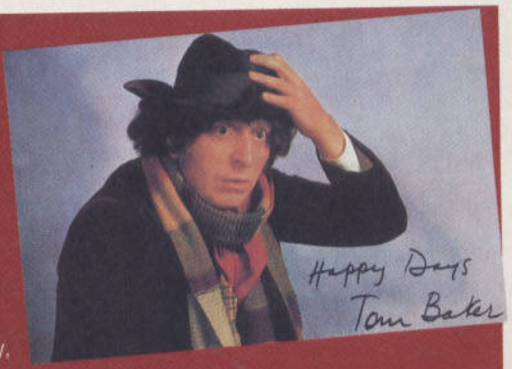
Regular *DWM* photographer Robin Prichard joins me and we creep up to 423. It claims to be the Pre-Raphaelite Suite, and a hope that some sense of occasion will be returned to the interview – is it to be conducted in some darkly-panelled

"Loyd Grossman fills me with a passionate desire for death"

Who would be your four ideal guests at a dinner party?

This is a kind of guessing game; what they call the New Journalism – the kind of playing around you do after a great big spliff.

Aaah, there would be writers I would imagine I would invite there, but in fact I can't stand dinner parties because I get very bored. At home I only like food from Marks and Spencers. I would enjoy, actually, running a whole crusade to bring about the death of home cooking. I hate home cooking! The thing is that most home cooking is absolutely inedible – particularly compared to what you get from Marks and Spencers or Tescos. So when I go to other people's houses and ask who's cooking, they say Pippa or Madeleine or someone and I say, "Oh Christ, can I bring my own?" and they put up with that. But then, they all come to my house because they like eating Marks and Spencers. Occasionally I quite like eating lovely Marks and Spencers Fresh Salmon in Dill Sauce in front of *Masterchef* on the TV, shouting "What a load of tossers!" at the screen. It's incredible, isn't it, that they've got all these cooking programmes because they're cheap, and it's very easy to take the piss out of chefs and make people think they can cook. But they can't cook! Everywhere you go it's dire! My mother, who adored me – and I adored her right back for adoring me – was, conservatively, the worst cook in Europe. I'd like to say the World, but that sounds as if I'm ungrateful. Most people's bloody cooking is dire!'



I'm not letting go of this, I'm afraid, New Journalism or not. So if you've served out your M&S Salmon in Dill Sauce, who would you like to be looking at over it, other than Loyd Grossman on *Masterchef*?

Well not him! Loyd Grossman actually fills me with a passionate desire for death. Mine, I mean – I don't want to kill him because he hasn't done me any harm except for his very existence. I find him an utter downer. He's an appalling man! Someone must like him but God knows why; it's one of the great mysteries of the world. So not Loyd Grossman, and certainly none of the newscasters . . .

No, I can't think of anyone! You must understand that I have no capacity for friendship. I don't have friends – almost everyone I know is a friend of my wife.

chamber bedecked with the work of Rossetti and Millais? – is half-formed before being cruelly dashed when the door opens onto a candy-striped, but very ordinary, hotel room hung with dingy watercolours of haystacks.

Opening the door for me is the Doctor, er, Tom Baker.

He's not smiling and already looks bored. Oh dear.

We introduce ourselves and Tom offers the encouraging "Of course I remember you." I perch on the edge of a sofa and Tom sprawls in an armchair; one arm draped over the back, a foot on the coffee table.

Last issue, we previewed this interview as a TARDIS tin affair; our plan was that through the purported randomness of the questions, I would be able to get away with stronger, edgier stuff and still keep an innocent smile on my face. As soon as I sit down, however, I *know* that Tom will scorn the triviality of such a performance and I head straight for my notes instead.

Small talk first. I wonder how the publicity drive is going.

"Well next week I do all the down-the-line television and radio interviews, and then on the fourth of October I start on the 50-date tour of the country – my lap of honour."

And how do you feel about that?

"It'll be alright. Well, it will be great to meet the fans because this time I'll have something new to offer. It's nice to have something new to offer. The fans get anxious when I haven't got anything new to offer, which makes them very timid." A phone rings shrilly; Tom's eyes narrow. "It's like when I meet another actor and . . ." Another ring. Tom glances across, irritated. "And I say 'Are you working?' and they say 'No, Tom' and . . . Christ! Is there no peace?"

He covers the room in two steps and snatches up the receiver. We expect a bellowed response, but he sheepishly murmurs "Yes?" Then again, with Tom, what you don't expect is exactly what you come to expect.

He's having fun. "No, I'm terribly sorry, I'm not Mr Harper. Would you like me to be?" We can't hear the confused response, but I hope it's Johnson on Reception who's suffering. Tom continues, "I could try to be Mr Harper for you, but I expect you'll only be disappointed in the end . . ."

Tom is performing for us. I become faintly concerned, perhaps a performance is all we're going to get today. He puts the phone down, sighs, and spreadeagles himself once more.

"So in the same way that two actors become nervous when one suspects the other isn't doing anything," he resumes, "the fans become timid when they feel that you have nothing new to bring. So this time the fans will be excited because at last I have something to offer. That's why I am pleased that the book contains stories that we can't tell at conventions because there isn't the time. It's selected pictures of my background, actually."

He looks into the air, obviously rolling his next phrase around his mind. "*Selected confessions*," he adds in his most conspiratorial voice. The one he saves for radio advertisements.

So was the book a challenge?

"No, I wouldn't say it was. It was certainly very interesting and sometimes . . . yes, it was certainly interesting. You see, I was out of work and I learned how to use a word processor so I tapped it up and it was nice seeing one's life, all those people from my past – from this production called *Tom Baker* – up on the screen, and I was looking at them going, 'Yes, that's my Auntie Louie!'

"I found it quite interesting – because I've never written on a word processor before – looking slightly objectively at the words on the screen straight ahead; as opposed to down here with a pen or a typewriter, which is so boring because one keeps making mistakes.

"Having done it and now – I haven't met anyone other than you who has read it all yet – the publishers are enthusiastic. But we'll see anyway. Ha ha!"

Tom's answer, like all those that follow, is peppered with a variety of bonus vowel sounds and plosives – of the "Aaaah", "Pah"! or "Ha!" variety – like some audition for Pygmalion. *Alas, this does not transfer well to the printed page, robbing this transcript of much character and rhythm. You'll have to try and hold Tom's voice in your head for full effect, and I've left a few "Aaah"s in to remind you.*

In addition, Tom's language is much stronger throughout than you might initially expect, and much of it sadly lies outside the DWM *guidelines of acceptability. However, for maximum effect, older readers can amuse themselves by substituting the strongest expletives they know for each "bloody" or "sodding" that follows.*

DWM One of the things that strikes me about the book, particularly reading the early chapters covering your life as a boy, is that the voice you offer as yourself seems identical to what I may hear from you now or on a convention stage – that suggestion that you are in a state of continual surprise. You appear quite emotionally detached, as if even your own parents are seen as just the source of a series of anecdotes.

TB Phew, well . . . aaah. Well I think the state of childhood *is* a state of surprise, isn't it, because children don't know anything. So I am being true to who I was then. That's a nice observation really, but I deliberately didn't add an adult commentary to that time because I wanted to remain true to that feeling of surprise of the young Tom Baker. As you grow older, if you stay in one place nothing will happen that is surprising. This is what leads people into mischief, or leads them into fiction, or

"It's all just noise"

What strongly-held beliefs do you hold about the state of the world? Which world leader or significant figure would you most like to be able to take to one side and say "Oi, cock, you're getting it all wrong"?

These are hard questions! I can't answer that because most of the people who run our lives just make me laugh! They just take themselves so seriously – they actually pretend to be in control of events. Politicians just make me giggle.

I'm always amazed at the way certain events can take the whole political and journalistic world by surprise. The death of the Princess of Wales is a good example. They've all been on it like predators. Journalists are like hyenas, aren't they? They see an accident and try to make an article. They see that Jeffrey Bernard is dead and anyone who ever had a drink with him sells a feature – everyone tries to get a piece of him and they think that's right. But nobody – *nobody* – foresaw the intensity of the grief of this country at the death of the Princess of Wales. So the papers were just following the grief of the people and they had to make a big drama out of that. No-one foresaw the genius of Nelson Mandela; you know, his actually having that great compassionate genius to come back from years in prison as a leader, full of heart and not looking for revenge.

So when I see politicians making windy speeches, I enjoy watching them but they really have no influence on me.

Its just noise. I just think, "yah, bollocks to them all!"

Welcome to Blackp

leads them into religion – they are constantly looking for new surprises. That's why people change clothes or change brands of drinks or change partners; we need new surprises.

People find it very difficult – I know I find it difficult – to cope with the monotony of an unsurprising life. So you ask a fellow down the pub at night what kind of a day he's had, he rolls his eyes and goes, "Wooah, bleedin' tell me about it!" and you go, "Oh dear" – because obviously nothing much has happened to him. So the whole point of banter or badinage between people is in painting and inventing the picture of your life in a surprising way.

Inventing? How many of your stories are invention?

Well, say that identical things happen to two people during the same half-hour period, and in telling you about it later you find that one person's story convulses you and the other guy has got nothing to say about that half-hour.

I don't know really how much you can say about life that is actually true – apart from the date and the certainty of death – it just depends how you are looking at it. So a child's perspective is always looking up, very different to an adult's perspective, showing that life is all about how you look at it really.

So I've tried to paint a picture. I mean I could have just drawn it up as a list, as I would for an insurance claim, but I had to try and recall not only the facts, but to find a way to paint and decorate the facts to compel the reader. That's the way I see it. I mean, if I met any of those people from childhood – Tommy Fitzgerald or Brian Jones – then they wouldn't remember it being like that, of course they wouldn't. You know, people argue about a football match, don't they? They see the same pass but remember it entirely differently.

In the book I don't mean to seem detached in the sense that I didn't feel anything for those times. I really felt that as one examines oneself anew, then it's almost like examining a different person. I was a child, then a young monk, then an actor or a father; and all these things, all these influences around me, gave me a different skin. It was the same Tom Baker, but with many skins.

Do you feel there is an essential Tom Baker who has remained reasonably unchanged then, whatever the skins or masks you've worn? Have you always reacted to things in a generally consistent way?

No, no, no . . . Well, I don't think so. I just respond. Most of the time I've misunderstood things. I mean, my life has just been a continual stream of misunderstandings. I don't have a very analytical mind, I can't prepare, I just react to things, and most of it's been rather confused. There have been some happy confusions. *Doctor Who* was a happy confusion, I didn't know what I was going to do with that – but in that confusion I managed to find a particular mode for this benevolent alien that struck a chord with the fans. It wasn't because I knew what I was doing, I didn't, I was just responding. Essentially the character of the Doctor can't develop so that can be a real problem.

So your performance was based on raw instinct?

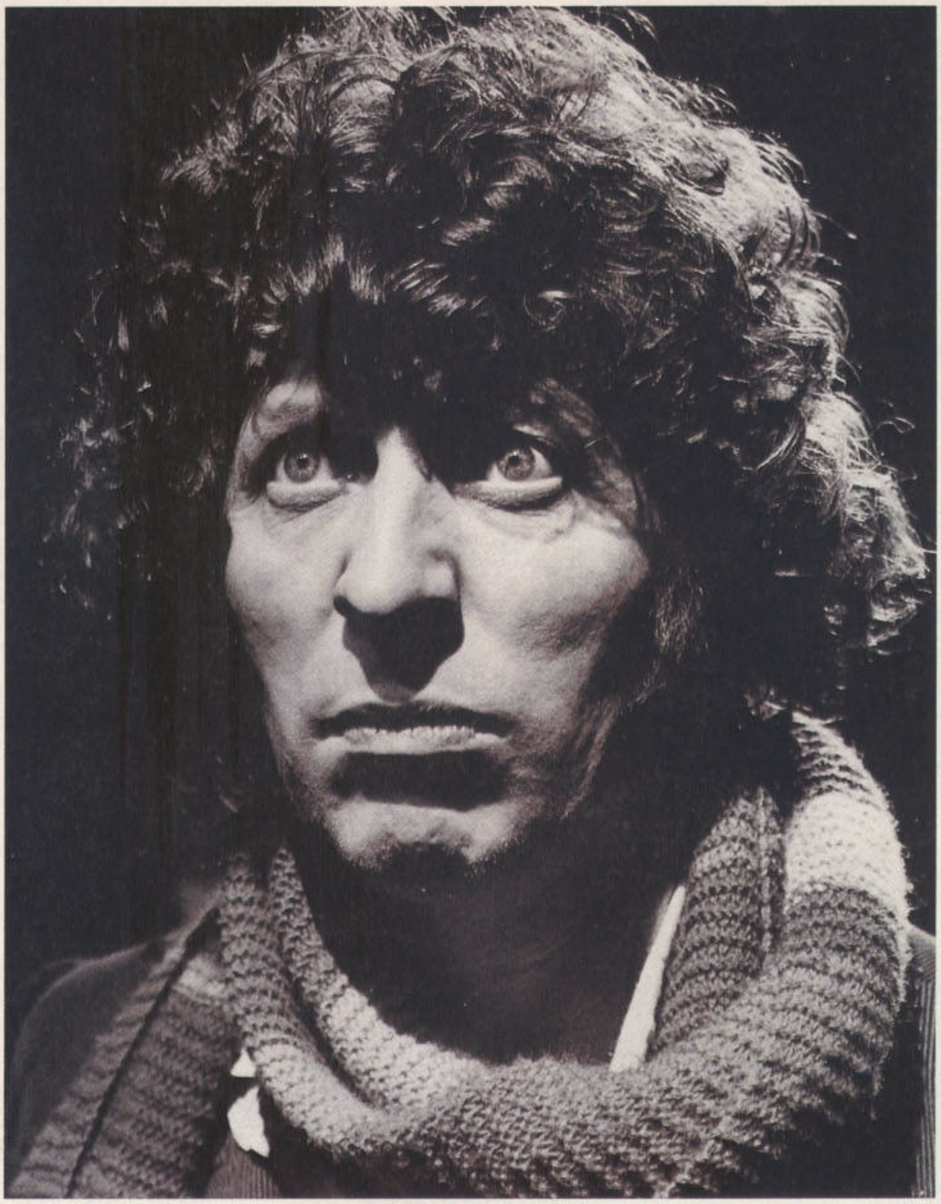
Well yes. When you are playing heroes you have this problem, because heroes, unlike the villains, are predictable. How can you be surprising and interesting when everyone knows you are going to win?

Did you find a hero within yourself?

Oh no. Objectively I don't believe in heroes and villains. An actor just plays someone from that point of view. Even the villain doesn't think of himself as a villain, he just feels misunderstood.

Back to the book. Is there anyone from your past who may see a copy and find their name within who you would actually like to re-establish contact?

No-one of my contemporaries as a child, not really. You see, people forget. I can't really imagine that that might happen really, though I suppose the majority of them will still be alive. Occasionally you do have coincidental meetings. I go into this little shop locally, and the woman who runs it told me that her husband was at school with me. And I remember him quite well – and his brothers and sisters – but I don't feel an intense desire to see him as if in some way it might spoil the memory. It's like when someone



rings you up and says, "Do you remember that we were lovers once" or "Do you remember, we used to be married" and it turns out they are staying in the same hotel and they are suggesting that we meet up. And you think, mmmm, *nah*. Because that might be *dangerous*. Something will have happened to change them – they'll be older or they wouldn't remember things in quite the same way. So there isn't anyone from my past I would like to come and find me for that reason.

Would you be concerned about being a disappointment to them?

Of course, but it's more likely – if they haven't become actors or big businessmen or something – it's more likely, simply because of the publicity I get, that they will think my life has been more interesting than theirs. People are constantly saying to actors, "Compared to you I lead a very drab life." People are always saying that because they think of actors, and people who dash around having their pictures in the papers, as having a hell of a good time. Well some of us do have a hell of a good time – it's quite nice to play someone else and get paid for it, it's quite nice to receive nice notices, it's quite nice to be approved of and applauded – which most people don't get as much of as actors do.

I mean there are certain professions that are inherently glamorous aren't there? Journalism, for example . . . People must say to you, "Did you really get to meet so-and-so?" and they think that's marvellous. And you don't want to say, "Well actually he's quite tedious" – it's your duty also to paint an interesting picture. Sometimes you have to do people a favour, and sometimes – if they are offensive – you have to do some kind of hatchet job on them and cut them down to size. But you have to make it interesting.

As an editor, Dickens used to say to his writers, "Brighten it up, brighten it up!"

In the book, you talk a lot about your Catholic upbringing. What are your feelings toward religion now?

The Catholic viewpoint in my day – I don't know what the received view is now, nor do I care – was that you looked forward, pell-mell, to death. Whether in religion, academe or politics, people hand on the prejudices of a system as it was. So you read, for example, the work of Doctor Spock, who was the genius, the great ghost for mothers on the subject of rearing a child, who 30 years later will suddenly say, "I got it all wrong! I didn't know nothing! It was all just a theory!" As it was with us. Children wanting to die? Children leaving their parents to be with God? It was all confusion. But that's the way it is, it was all just another science fantasy script. Religion, philosophy and all those things can't be separated, they're areas where people are preoccupied with unquantifiable and undemonstrable beliefs. Aren't they? *Aren't they?* Whether it's the Old Testament or the New Testament or the Koran or anything, people don't come back from the dead, we don't know what paradise is like. We believe in these things without them being verifiable. So when people knock the *Doctor Who* or the *Star Trek* fans they may as well knock the born-again Christians or the Methodists, who are just focusing on another fantasy. We need to believe in miracles and be amazed, but religion is probably in a decline these days because it's not so interesting as the other miracles we see around us: the miracle of pop music, the miracle of noisy, well-done big-screen sci-fi stuff, the miracle of photography, the miracle of strong lager . . .

"I like to think that the actors who worked with me on *Doctor Who* enjoyed it . . . Hmm. Not many of them ring me up, come to think of it"

So do you like noisy big-screen sci-fi stuff?

As long as it's well done. I recall going to see *Jurassic Park* at the cinema in Tunbridge Wells, near where I live. The most remarkable thing about it was that they had cast Sam Neill in the lead, who must be the most boring actor ever to darken our screens. He could bore for England, that man. He could earn a very good living curing whole audiences of insomniacs – they'd be dead to the world within minutes. And I watched this film and for the half-hour all the children were bored out of their brains – it was like being in an aviary. They used to be like that with *Doctor Who* when I had long dialogue sequences and all they wanted was the action. And then when the action came and the first dinosaur appeared, the amazing thing was that everyone in the cinema thought how wonderful it was except Sam Neill, who at that point was the most important man in the world. So I thought the film was terribly boring and completely relied on its amazing optical effects. What was *Men in Black* about? It was a piss-take on almost every genre of movie, it was even taking the piss out of itself. There were a few good jokes but of course it had these spectacular model effects. But it was finally all just jokes. You couldn't interact with it or have any argument with it, it was just a piss-take. There was nothing heroic, nothing lasting. There is nothing profound there – but it's fine to eat your popcorn to.

Do you feel the same way about *Doctor Who*?

With *Doctor Who* it was very different, very gentle. And it was heroic and lasting. Of course it

couldn't be particularly profound because everything had to be resolved by violence, simply because *everything* has ultimately to be resolved by violence – the violence of death generally. That was as true for *Doctor Who* as it was for God, because God committed the first genocide in chapter seven of *Genesis* when he flooded the world except for Noah and his pals. Aaah . . . so everything is resolved through death, by an explosion, by annihilation – very few things are resolved by wit. But in between times in *Doctor Who* there was this benevolent alien quality I mentioned before. And its strength was that it remained, essentially, unique on television. There was nothing else like it. And it hadn't really, it seemed to me, copied anyone else. Almost everything else in life, be it a success in business or a clever idea for a novel, is copied from something else – and the more people copy each other the less individualism we have. You can only be an individual by being slightly egregious. And at that time *Doctor Who* remained without competition. It remained unique.

Yes, but there are a lot of things on television that are unique and don't have 14 million viewers. *Doctor Who* must have had something more than that?

Well, yes, but they can be uniquely boring can't they? If you see, for example, *Shooting Stars*, you might wonder why anyone would want to watch that. It's just 30 minutes of infantilism. The same goes for *The Big Breakfast*. It's infantile – everyone is pulling faces as if they have a very, very badly maintained anal dilator jammed up them, and it produces an appalling expression on their face. Everyone is doing it, everyone is just pulling faces all the time as if they are auditioning for something. It looks like they've got severe piles and they can't do anything about it until the programme is over.

But then, I can't really comment on such programmes because I only catch glimpses of them or people send me tapes because they want me to be in them, and I want nothing to do with that. So there must be other reasons for *Doctor Who*'s success that I don't know about, that I can't connect with – like the reasons why people enjoy those other programmes that make my heart sink, it works both ways.

"In the morning I was the Doctor. In the afternoon I was in the bloody stewpots of Soho, pissing it up like a good 'un"

I mean, someone asked me to be in the situation comedy *Chalk*, and I sent for a tape and looked at it and realised quickly that I didn't want to be in something like that. Women mince around sticking their pert little tits out just to be the focus for men's sarcasm. A lot of television, it seems to me, is like that – driven by sarcasm. A woman asks a question and is put down. She says, "Well darling, I think . . ." and a man says – and it's terribly easy to write this shite – the man says, "Look darling, don't think, it doesn't suit you" and the audience laugh. I mean, if you kick a dog in the street you'll be lynched, but shite like *Chalk* is treating women in the same way – but with mockery – it's just men mocking the way their wife's bottom moves. It's always imbalanced. There are very few characters in television who are equal partners. You never find the arguments of equals. It's just sarcasm and people putting each other down. It may actually be that that's what life's like. If so then I don't think much of it. I like arguments, I like viewpoints, I'm desperate for those surprises we talked about earlier . . . We learn from each other. But TV is all sarcasm, and I don't know why. Shakespeare isn't full of sarcasm, *Doctor Who* wasn't full of sarcasm – just childlike enthusiasm and good arguments.

Indeed, I hope the same goes for my book – enthusiasm and good arguments. Someone told me today that he'd read a bit of it and found it quite sad. Sad! My bloody heart skidded! Did you think it was sad?

Not sad, no. I mean there are some incidents that are sad or bad in themselves, but you seem to have such a good time telling me about them that I laugh, or at worst smile at the consciously bittersweet or ironic stories.

Well thank God for that.

Back on the subject of television. You must receive a steady flow of scripts . . .

No, no, no, it's by no means a steady flow! I haven't been offered a job for more than a year, unless you count an appearance in crap like *Chalk* or *Shooting Stars*.

But have you been courted? Sounded out?

Oh, people put out feelers briefly before they hear my venomous rejection of why I don't want to go on tour as Professor Higgins or even Colonel Pickering, when really I'd like to go on tour as Eliza. The scripts I'm offered every single day are voice-overs and narrations. I'm doing a fascinating American documentary series at the moment, and I'm very big in the North East at the moment with second hand car dealers. There's something compulsively disgusting about my voice when I do that, so they like it. That's how I'm earning my living – not on the stage or on TV.

How do you feel about that?

It's a matter of regret for me, but I have to feel – because I'm not completely stupid – that it's probably a matter of great relief for millions of other people, and certainly, obviously, a great relief to the countless producers I've worked for.

The other night I had to go to a party – there was no escape – at London Weekend Television with some people who once employed me. And I met some directors there, who were shaking hands almost with tears in their eyes – because most directors have tears in their eyes after they've worked with me. Indeed some of them die in agony not long afterwards. And there I was with all these fellows who were all busy. One of them is doing *Our Mutual Friend* and I thought, this is incredible, what about me? I remember him shaking hands once before and saying, "Tom, dear, you'll be in my next thing." Incredible, the whole business. Funnily enough, outside of *Doctor Who* I really don't think I've ever worked for a director twice, and even then that's because they were stuck with me. If they wanted the job there was no way they were going to dodge me.

I would have thought I'd be more popular because I'm a fast worker. In fact, I'm a very fast

"I'd like to die really neatly"

What was your best single performance? Can you remember any that you thought were note perfect?

I don't know about perfect. One of the things that people liked me in was the supporting part in *Educating Rita*. I really was inspired by Willy Russell, and that was a huge success I was stupid enough to give up to go to Israel for a film that didn't happen.

But really the only success that everyone knows me for is *Doctor Who*, everyone from tramps to old judges are congratulating me on that.

Any major unfulfilled ambitions?

No, I don't think so. No I haven't. I'd just like to die really neatly. I'll probably go while watching Loyd Grossman tasting someone's Salmon in Dill Sauce and going "Mmm!" before twisting his diphthongs.

Yes, I'd really hate to have some kind of long drawn-out illness because that would bother me. Anything involving strokes or wheelchairs or carrying your arm around. I'm terribly aware of it now as I reach the twilight years, that I seem to be carrying my arm. "Hello!" people will say to me, look at my arm and ask, "was it a stroke?"

"No," I'll say, "I was just watching that bloody Loyd Grossman last night – I was alright 'til then."

POLICE PUBLIC BOX

worker because I'm so superficial. If you're superficial then you have to go bloody quick so people don't spot it. You've got to produce the effect quick and get out. That's what is so good about voice-over work. I can be instantly sincere – people can be in tears – and then I'm out through the door and I've only been there 20 minutes. Sometimes I give the runner a tip.

Other actors have commented that you're quite a driven man to work with. Is that because you are, as you say, covering your own superficiality, or are you also trying to maintain your enthusiasm in material that you feel isn't as sophisticated as it might be?

When you're an actor and you're discovering a script, such as it is, you open it and say "Christ, it's the same as last week's whippet-shit. It's about as surprising as a Big Mac" or, "My god, its a Spud-u-Like with dog vomit." But the director says, "Don't say that Tom, please don't say that." And you reply, "But it is! It's dog vomit, isn't it George?" Then he says, "Well yeah, but we've got to do something with it."

And so you all gather round and you do the alchemy. It's like people looking in a cupboard when they come back from the pub and there's next to nothing in. But you're bloody starving so you say, "Well there's some rice here, some ham here and this and that," and you work a miracle on it, you pull together something you really enjoy.

That must bring you into friction with other performers who aren't willing to try so hard, who can't be bothered with alchemy?

When you're doing something, of course they'll be that collision of egos and personalities. I like to work flat out, but I love being with actors most of the time. I like to think that the actors who worked with me on *Doctor Who* enjoyed it . . . Not many of them said that when I look back . . . Hmmn, not many actors ring me up, come to think of it . . .

I think it would be fair to say that people who have spoken to *DWM* on the subject of working with you on *Doctor Who* fall into one of two camps: those who would celebrate you for how much you excited them and opened up the possibilities of a script, and those who thought you were a monomaniacal egotist who was all over the place, making the job harder all the time. Were you both of those people?

Well I'm sure I was both of those – and more, I hope. I can't have only been two people, I'm more complicated than that! I do quite like creative tension but not just as a chance to indulge myself. I don't like something to be as if we are just making jam or something like that – I was always very aware of how little time there was. But at the same time you've got to get in there haven't you? You can't be taking too many prisoners if you've only got a day and a half to get the job done.

A thing that actors do, generally because they're so sodding timid, is that they keep their bloody heads down and cry "Don't make waves!" As if there is some terrible danger from drawing attention to yourself. An actor can ask the director, "Where am I to be placed, Ian?" and Ian will say, "You stand there and deliver your line towards there," and so on. But if someone says to Tom Baker, "You stand there" then Tom will say, "Why?" And if Ian's response is, "Well, that's the best place to light you," I'll say, "Well what a good reason!" But if someone says, "I walked through it in my hotel room last night and that's the best place for you," then I'll say, "Sod your bloody room – let's play the situation shall we? *Let's play the situation!* Someone is coming into this scene through that door, and you say that you did it all last night in your room! What do you think us actors are for?"

That's a reasonable kind of conflict on a set, and I'll take time to put forward my view. But if the director can say, "'I don't think that's right because this has just happened or such-and-such is about to happen" than I might stop, look at my feet, look up and say "That was a terrible idea of mine just now. I think we should do it your way!" That strikes me as a very interesting approach to work, and it's the only way you are going to make it good and tight and dramatic and strange.

Of course if you are just a small-part actor in a big television production or film then you've got no power to do that. You ask the director where your camera is and he'll say, "Never mind where the bloody camera is, just shut your mouth and stand there." But if you are the leading man – or the director likes you – then you can challenge things more. I don't mean you challenge them there and then – obviously the best thing to do is to have dinner the night before, or grab him in

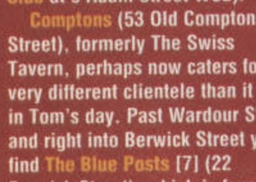
DWM presents . . .

The genuine Tom Baker pub crawl!

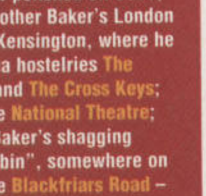
If you're ever at a loose end in central London, don't visit dull old *Doctor Who* filming locations – instead, why not drink your way round Tom's "whizzy West End"? First, take a side trip on the District and Circle line to Sloane Square. Nearby, you'll find **The Fox and Hounds** [1] (29 Passmore Street SW1). Tom came here immediately after being offered the part of the Doctor, and couldn't tell a soul. On your way back, stop off on **Ebury Street** [2]. Here was the building site at which Tom laboured immediately before becoming the Doctor.

Take the tube to Embankment and, if you're hungry, walk up towards **Luigi's of Covent Garden** (15 Tavistock Street WC2E). This restaurant was the venue for an early seventies claret-fuelled roister with pre-knighthood Anthony Hopkins in the course of which the later Lecter announced to his girlfriend that he was going "off with Tom, to live the way he does". Otherwise, from the Charing Cross Road, wander up Old Compton Street and turn left down Greek Street. There you'll find **The Coach and Horses** [3] (29 Greek Street), premier Soho haunt of the legendarily unwell Jeffrey Bernard.

If you didn't call in at Luigi's, you really will be feeling peckish so, back in Old Compton Street, amble up to **Wheeler's Fish Restaurant** [4] (19 Old Compton Street), which was oft-lunched at by Tom and painter Francis Bacon, who told a party of Americans that he fancied Colonel Gadaffi here. Turning left down Dean Street you'll stumble across **The French House** [5] (49 Dean Street), wherein Tom tested new lies. No, honest. Back down the opposite end of Dean Street is the members-only **Colony Room Club** [6] (41 Dean Street W1). Like Tom, you might quaff champagne or "very serious gins" inside, but they won't let you in, so don't even try (other still-standing privately-run establishments frequented by Tom in the area include **Gerry's Club** at 52 Dean Street and **The Green Room Club** at 9 Adam Street WC2).



Comptons (53 Old Compton Street), formerly The Swiss Tavern, perhaps now caters for a very different clientele than it did in Tom's day. Past Wardour Street and right into Berwick Street you'll find **The Blue Posts** [7] (22 Berwick Street), which is favoured by greengrocers and Corsican kings, we hear. Having now polished off Soho, you'll be tempted to go in search of other Baker's London lowlights – **Hereford Square**, South Kensington, where he and Lalla Ward set up home; Chelsea hostelries **The Phene Arms**, **The Man in the Moon** and **The Cross Keys**; the **National Theatre**; "Baker's shagging cabin", somewhere on the **Blackfriars Road** – but you'll probably be incapable by now. Now go home and drink three pints of water.



the pub and say, "Listen, when we do that scene tomorrow, how about trying this?" You can't do that on set because if you haven't sorted it all out by the time you're rolling then you're not going to sort it out.

I just tried to make it exciting because it was my life. I had fans! I don't have any more fans now, I have the same fans.

This is important, this is *vital*! Fans are crucial, you can't live without fans! Unless you are some kind of Carthusian monk then you must have one fan and that's your partner. Then you have a little family and you've got four fans. Some nice neighbours and you've got 11 fans. But if you're a star footballer or big actor then you might have thousands of fans. If you were *Doctor Who* in 1976 then you'd have millions of fans!'

Proceedings are halted briefly as Tom lets loose a huge laugh at the absurdity of his life. He grins broadly. I don't think I've ever interviewed someone who has tried quite so hard to be liked. Is it genuine or is just part of the sales pitch? Does it turn off and on? I'd like to be able to offer some insight, but Tom Baker isn't like you and me – or anyone I've ever met. You can't read him any more than you a can read the expression on the Mona Lisa. From moment to moment he seems variously terrifying, endearing, superficial and hilarious. Yes, superficial, because the feelings he displays seem entirely linked to the needs of the story he's telling. Moods are employed to highten the dramatic value of a tale.

Further, I'm never quite sure whether he's answered my question. Often he seems to drop sideways into the most amusing tried-and-tested anecdote that's in easy reach of my offered theme. Sometimes you seem to get a glimpse of true feelings and emotions, but then a new anecdote is identified, his eyes light up, and we're off on another circuit.

Tom just can't seem to stop performing.

Feeling bolder, I attempt a few TARDIS tin style questions [see boxouts] before returning to the main conversation . . .

Did your length of time as *Doctor Who* change you as an actor in that approach to directors or producers? You've admitted becoming more proprietorial.

Oh, I certainly became more proprietorial about *Doctor Who*. But when I became insufferable, I went. I didn't go after any big scene or any unhappiness. I just went because it was getting very difficult. It wasn't changing, the scripts weren't getting any better and there were lots of juveniles coming in. But I thought, that's fine, we had a new producer, which was John [Nathan-Turner] and I thought that perhaps my day was over and I'd better go. Maybe I'd stayed too long, I don't know.

Some people think that Philip Hinchcliffe's days were the best days. He was fresh and *I* was fresh, so maybe that is why it appears that those serials were better. Eventually it got very repetitive about how these things would be shot – especially in the TARDIS or in corridors – so after a while it was very difficult to maintain that sense of wonder or excitement, that *surprise* again. I mean I tried not to just walk through it, because I was supposed to be from somewhere else.

Of course, for years I've been mocked by certain people about how seriously I took the part . . . but I was an *alien*, I had *fans* to be responsible to. Ha ha! Fans again! You know this, you yourself have got readers to be responsible to, fans of your own – and you must consciously try to be excited by your work or your subject or else you'll lose them! And you can't live without fans.

But did you believe you could live without them in 1980?

No, no, no. I thought that I would go on to new things, I thought I could beat typecasting. Obviously I didn't, since my professional life has gone down since *Doctor Who*. It's only the repeats of *Doctor Who* that have sustained me. I don't mean financially – although I do earn some money from royalties – I mean in the sense that it has kept me in the public eye. People say, "Christ! Tom Baker! Is he still alive?" and I get little jobs. Particularly it has sustained me in commercials because a lot of people who make them are quite young, and they are fans of *Doctor Who* themselves.

But you're associative of a certain time for them. You're more than just *Doctor Who*, you're the football results and Basil Brush, you're jam sandwiches and indulgent parents . . .

Absolutely. Nothing's ever in isolation. I was a figure in a whole series of contrasts. I was lucky to feature in that amazing scheduling of Brian what-

"People say 'Christ! Tom Baker! Is he still alive?' and I get little jobs. That's because the makers of commercials are all *Doctor Who* fans"

sisname for BBC1 at that time. *Amazing*! It was irresistable. They were glorious days! Days of my own glory! Thank you for reminding me of them.

When you were the Doctor, did you feel taller when walking down the street?

The thing is, I was leading several lives at the time. Most people do but they don't go on about it like I do. I was ten people in a day. Sometimes I was ten people in an hour!

So I was the great children's hero – I was known all over the world. I didn't need credit cards, I was welcomed in everybody's house and that kind of thing. But in the afternoon, there I was in the bloody stewpots of Soho, absolutely raving it up, pissing it up like a good 'un. That was an amazing other life I had. I also had, from time to time, some sort of fragmentary domestic life – but domestic life can't possibly admit a comparison with being a children's hero throughout half the bloody world, or even to access to Soho and all that fun! I didn't want sodding domesticity! All that getting up in the morning in the same bloody place, saying hello and having three meals a day with the same bloody person. Get off! Let's get down to Soho and crack some champagne and listen to tall stories from those guys.

In low life, you can't be boring, you can't whine. If you go in and say, "I'm a bit tired," you'll be told to piss off home to bed!

You come in and say "Hello Jeff" and you've got to be amusing, you've got to give a performance – because if you're not funny then everyone will sod off to the next cabaret. And that's what it was, this amazing pub crawl-cum-cabaret.

So why did you leave it?

Because nothing can go on forever! It's like a footballer giving up before his legs go. The casualty rate was pretty high in Soho as people fell down steps onto their heads or simply dropped dead in front of you. Sometimes their noses exploded if their liver didn't go that way first! There was a lot of exploding going on.

Things changed when I was in Ireland in a marvellous failure as both Sherlock Holmes and Moriarty in the same play. It must be some sort of record to cock them both up in the same production, which depressed me because I knew I should have been better.

While I was there, the girl who was my partner, and now my wife, saw this wonderful house in Kent. I came over, looked at it and instantly said "Let's buy that." I was frantic to make a change. Even whooping it up in Soho was getting repetitive . . . So we moved to the countryside with lots of cats, and gradually I found a lot to distract me there.

It wasn't really that difficult to leave the Soho life behind, because I wasn't in many plays so I wasn't up there nearly as much. Then I was doing 30-odd episodes of *Medics* up in Manchester. So I slowly drifted away.

Was the role in *Medics* one that you connected with?

Well it didn't take much out of me. I was just a latterday James Robertson Justice. I just went up there, said the lines and tried to be interesting about it. Then that finished. But then most of the things I've been in, except *Doctor Who*, have stopped. Oh, actually that's stopped as well now! Ha ha! Well at least they can't pin that on me! There were four of the buggers after me, so no-one can say that's my fault!

Would you consider playing *Doctor Who* again?

Ha ha ha ha ha!

Sorry, but it's my job to ask! It's in my contract!

Yes. Well, it's extremely unlikely, but it would have to be different and exciting again.

For example, I can't see why the Doctor shouldn't come back with a fragmented personality, so he's constantly reinventing himself as he goes along – so in certain situations he becomes whatever is necessary – so the part is constantly entertaining and interesting.

Or maybe I could play a *Doctor Who* villain – that would be fun!

Oh yes! Ha ha ha ha ha!

Then it is over. We all smile at one another as Robin persuades Tom to pose with a copy of his book. A lean and feral publicist ushers us out and the next victims in. Amusingly, Tom's next interrogator is to be Sophie Aldred, now writing for another publication.

The following weekend, Sophie and I meet up at the PanoptiCon convention. We discuss our respective interviews and realise that Tom has led us over much of the same ground. She shows me her transcript and my heart sinks; here and there are some identical passages; word-perfect anecdotes elicited, amazingly, from wildly different questions. We look at ways of avoiding duplication.

Later, I watch Tom's panel, laughing like a drain. It's a great show – lots of the usual Gertrude Stein and gravestones stuff – but, once again, I can't remember him ever seeming to try quite so hard to be liked before. It's almost wide-eyed and puppy-like at times.

This is not meant as a criticism, merely an observation. Tom Baker the man is actually critic proof; as I mentioned earlier, normal rules simply don't apply.

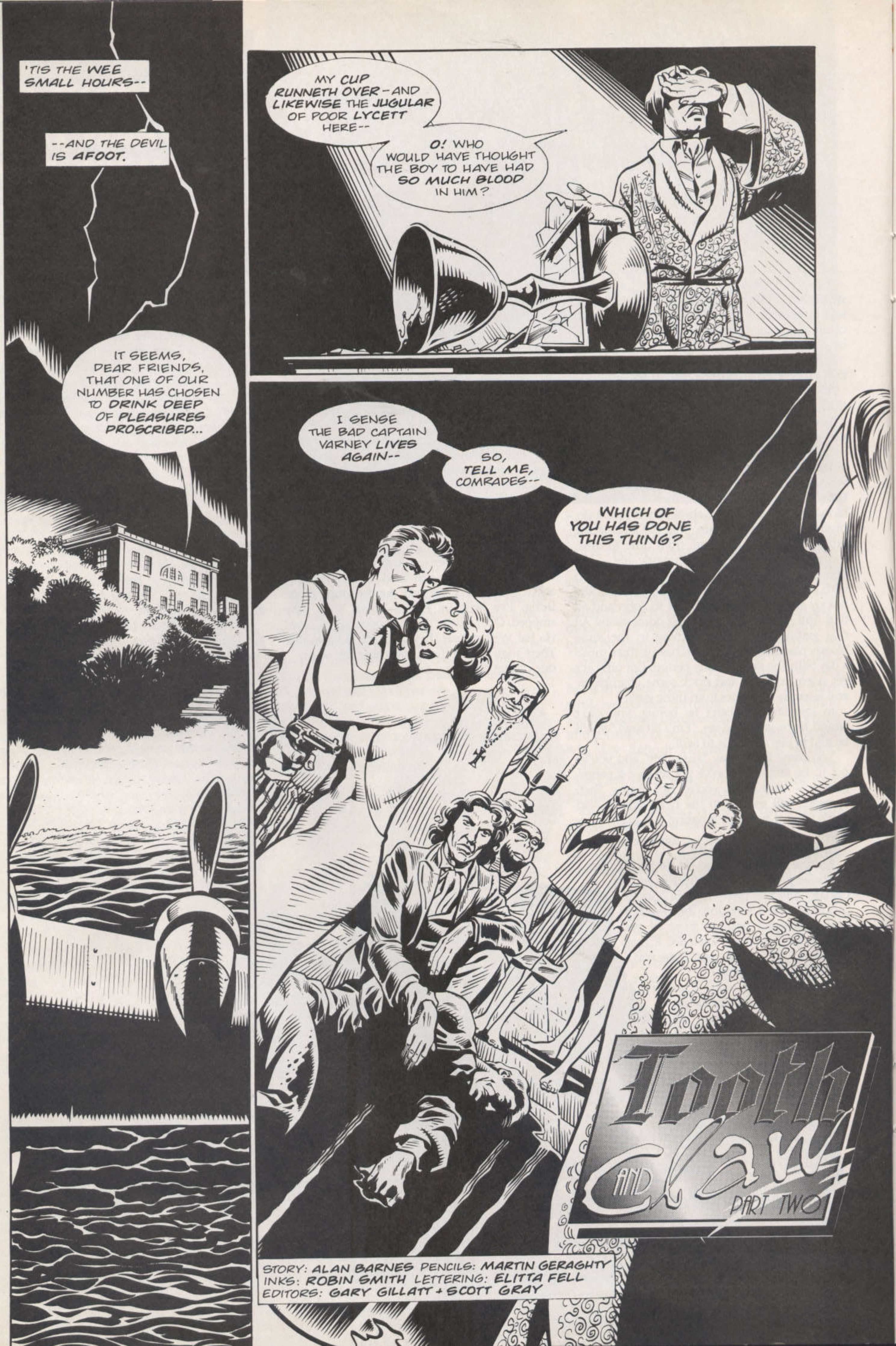
Meeting Tom is perhaps the closest you can get to meeting the Doctor himself. It's been said that he was made for the role; but it's just possible – although the creators couldn't have know it at the time – that the role was made for him. You can believe that equally deep waters run under that play-acting exterior. I'm certain that one of the secrets of the longevity of Doctor Who *fandom is that we can never know everything about the subject. And that's because we can never know Tom Baker.*

One final troubling thought. On that PanoptiCon stage Tom is asked, "What does your future hold?" His first answer is one word: "Italy." Of course, an anecdote then follows, but his initial response seemed jarringly genuine and instinctive. I remember my interview; he described the 50-city tour as "lap of honour."

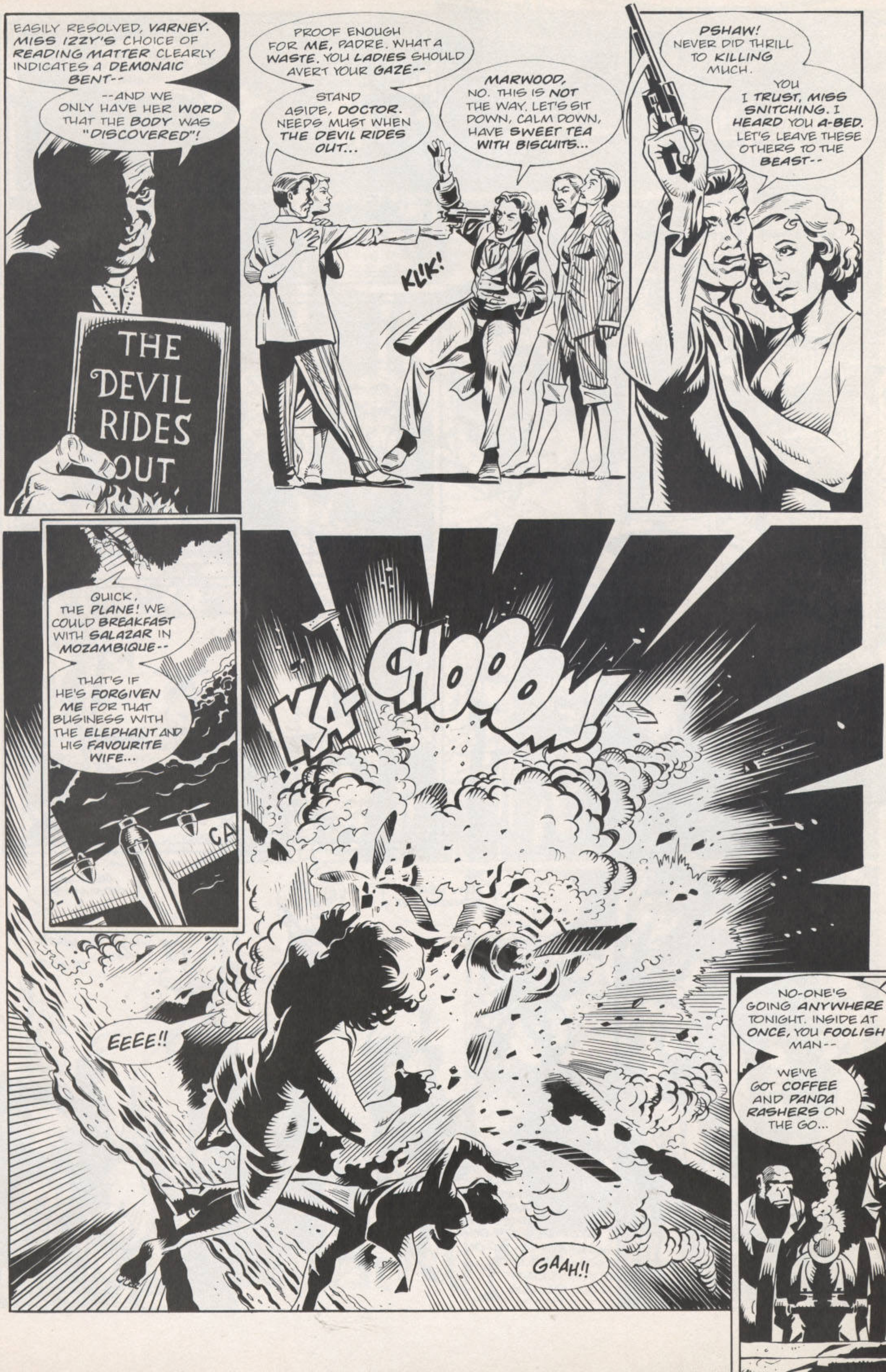
Is his book an act of closure? Will he attend a convention again? Will this be his last interview in DWM*? As ever, we cannot know, But I, for one, wouldn't be surprised if Tom – like in those tales of his last day's recording on* Doctor Who *– simply puts on his coat, gathers up the things he loves, and slips quietly away . . .*

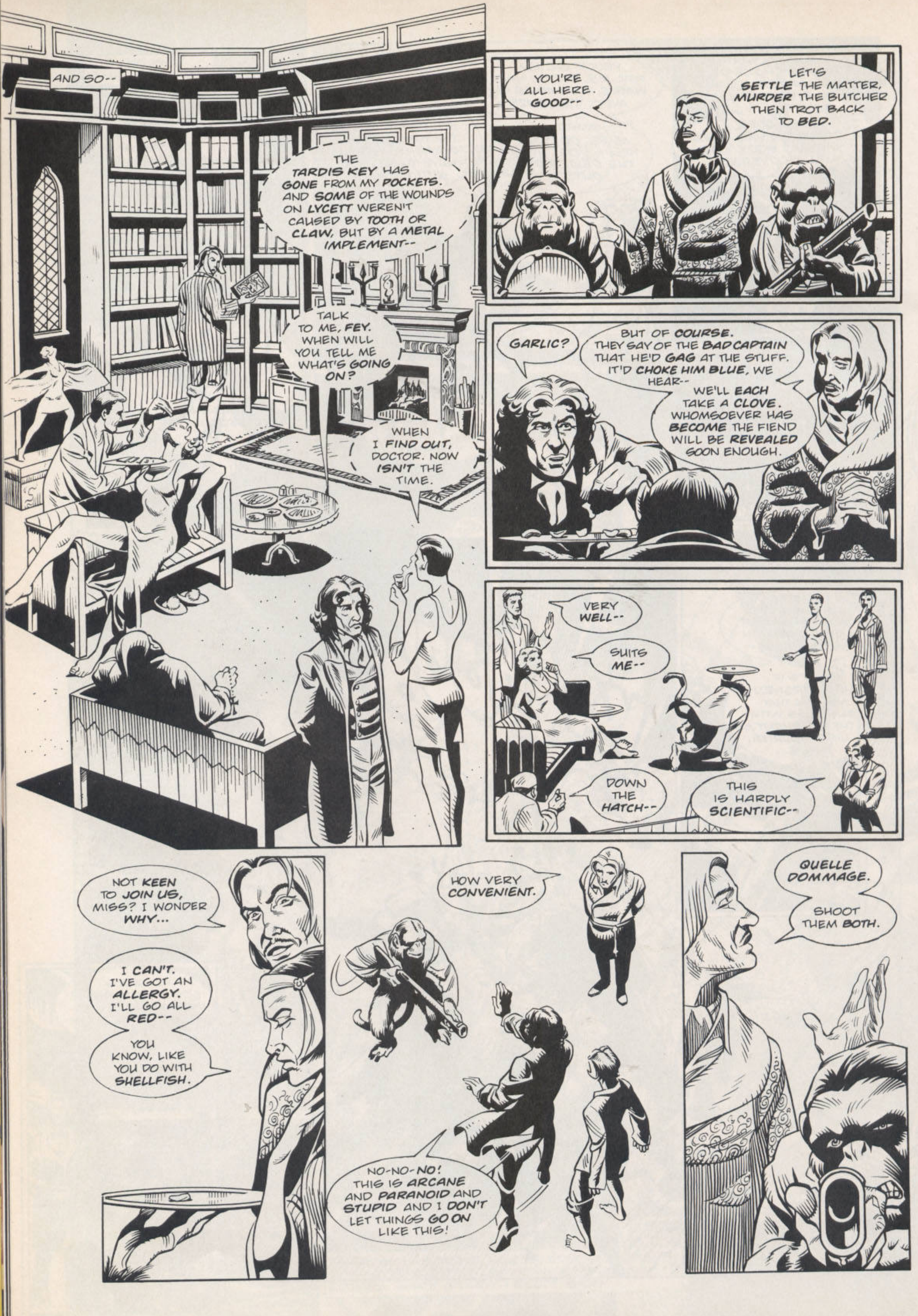
Then again, it's time we had a convention in Italy.

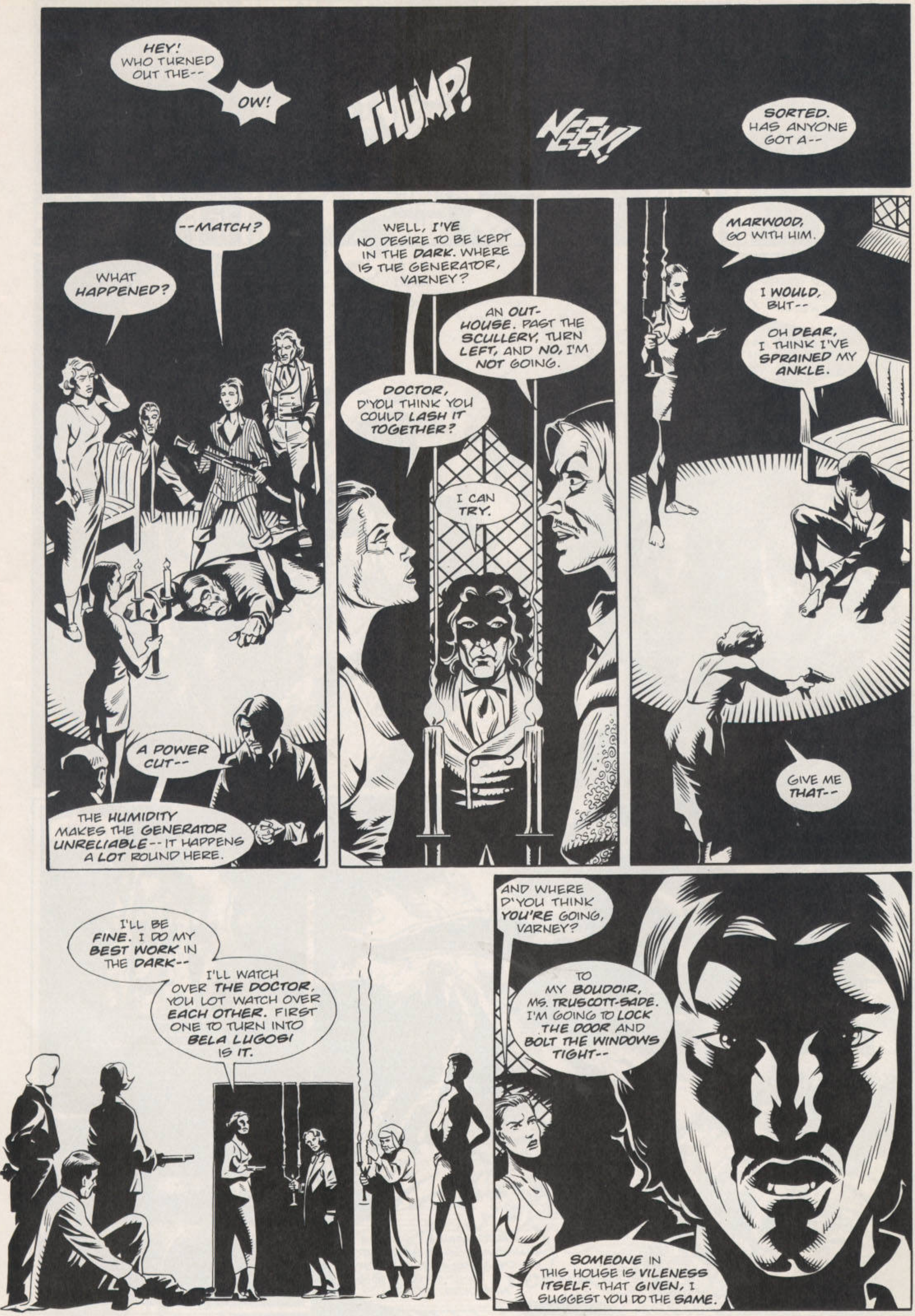
WHO ON EARTH IS TOM BAKER?
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

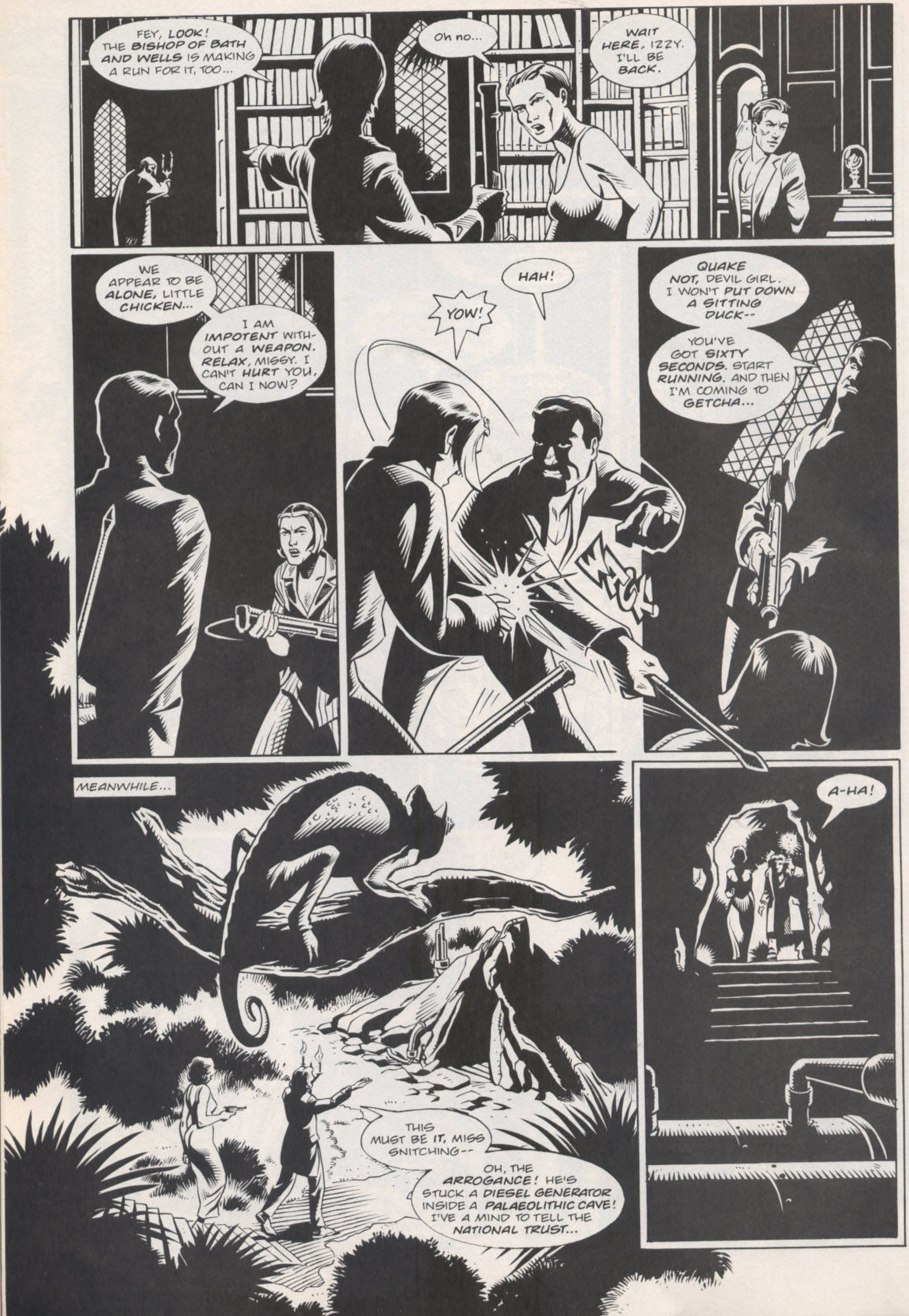

'TIS THE WEE SMALL HOURS--
--AND THE DEVIL IS AFOOT.
MY CUP RUNNETH OVER—AND LIKEWISE THE JUGULAR OF POOR LYCETT HERE--
O! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE BOY TO HAVE HAD SO MUCH BLOOD IN HIM?
IT SEEMS, DEAR FRIENDS, THAT ONE OF OUR NUMBER HAS CHOSEN TO DRINK DEEP OF PLEASURES PROSCRIBED...
I SENSE THE BAD CAPTAIN VARNEY LIVES AGAIN--
SO, TELL ME, COMRADES--
WHICH OF YOU HAS DONE THIS THING?
Tooth and Claw
PART TWO

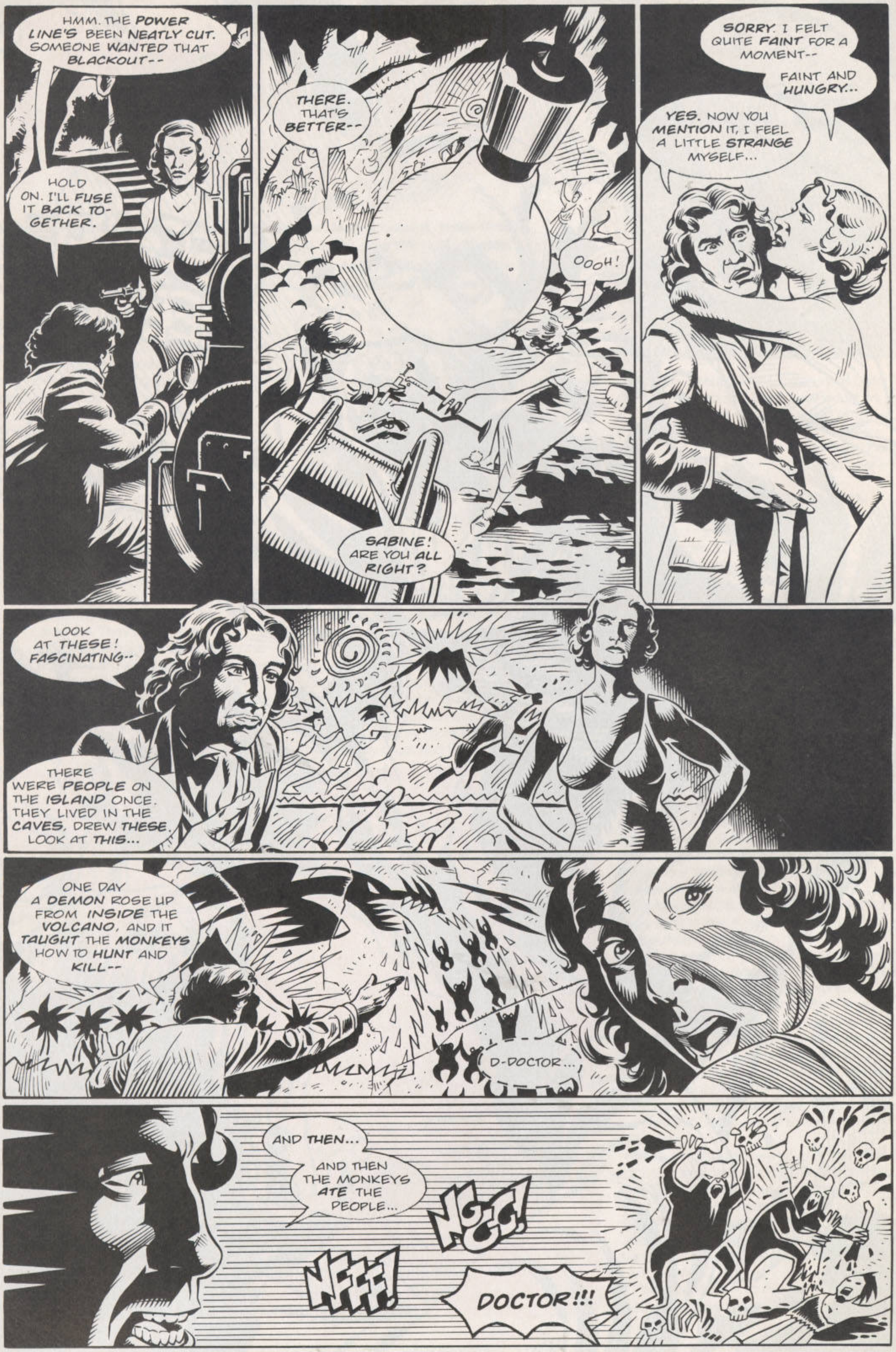
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

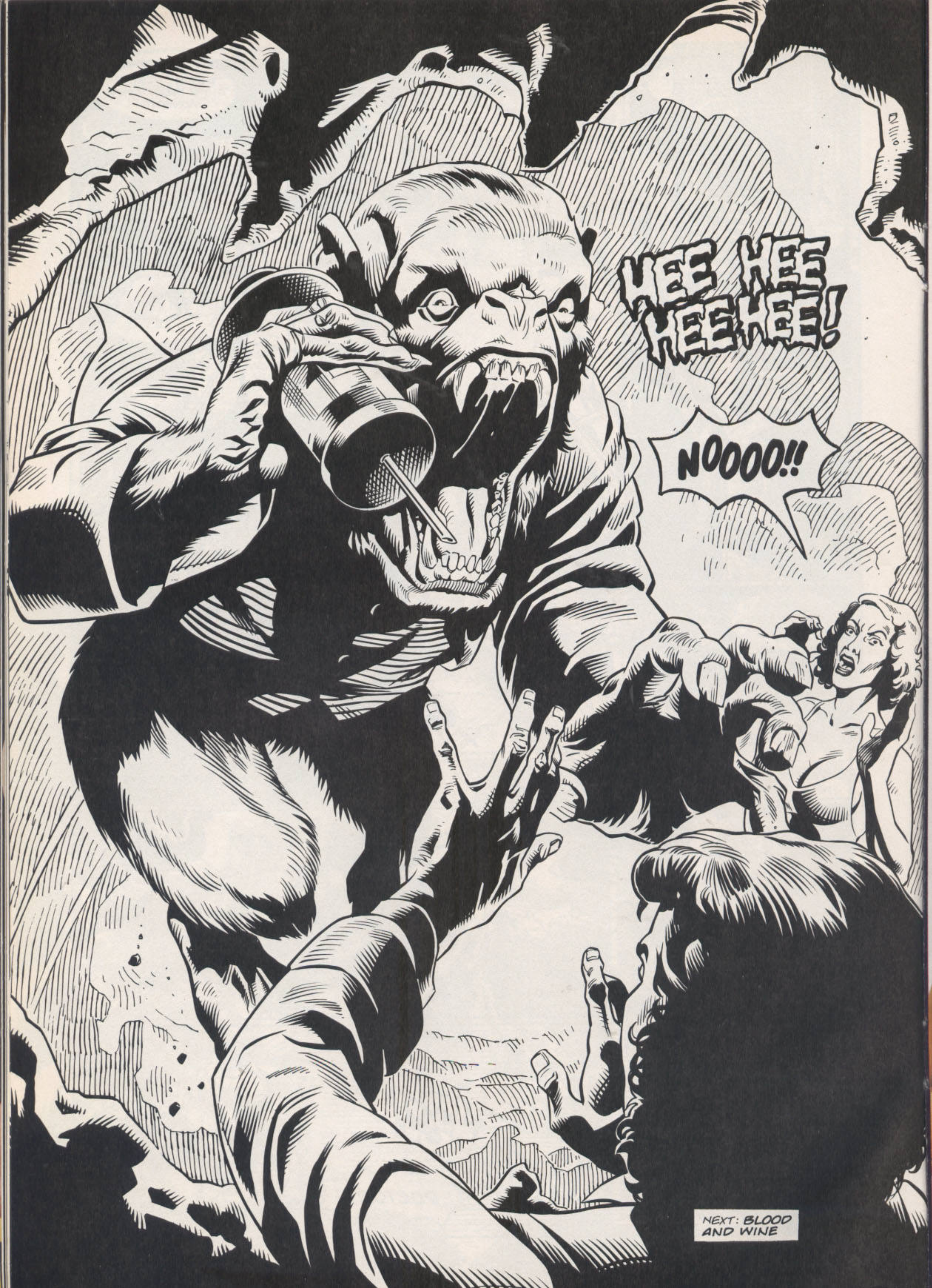

EASILY RESOLVED, VARNEY. MISS IZZY'S CHOICE OF READING MATTER CLEARLY INDICATES A DEMONAIC BENT--
--AND WE ONLY HAVE HER WORD THAT THE BODY WAS "DISCOVERED"!
THE DEVIL RIDES OUT
PROOF ENOUGH FOR ME, PADRE. WHAT A WASTE. YOU LADIES SHOULD AVERT YOUR GAZE--
STAND ASIDE, DOCTOR. NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL RIDES OUT...
MARWOOD, NO. THIS IS NOT THE WAY. LET'S SIT DOWN, CALM DOWN, HAVE SWEET TEA WITH BISCUITS...
KL'K!
PSHAW! NEVER DID THRILL TO KILLING MUCH.
YOU I TRUST, MISS SNITCHING. I HEARD YOU A-BED. LET'S LEAVE THESE OTHERS TO THE BEAST--
QUICK, THE PLANE! WE COULD BREAKFAST WITH SALAZAR IN MOZAMBIQUE--
THAT'S IF HE'S FORGIVEN ME FOR THAT BUSINESS WITH THE ELEPHANT AND HIS FAVOURITE WIFE...
KA-CHOOOOM!
EEEE!!
GAAH!!
NO-ONE'S GOING ANYWHERE TONIGHT. INSIDE AT ONCE, YOU FOOLISH MAN--
WE'VE GOT COFFEE AND PANDA RASHERS ON THE GO...


AND SO--
THE TARDIS KEY HAS GONE FROM MY POCKETS. AND SOME OF THE WOUNDS ON LYCETT WEREN'T CAUSED BY TOOTH OR CLAW, BUT BY A METAL IMPLEMENT--
TALK TO ME, FEY. WHEN WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHEN I FIND OUT, DOCTOR. NOW ISN'T THE TIME.
YOU'RE ALL HERE. GOOD--
LET'S SETTLE THE MATTER, MURDER THE BUTCHER THEN TROT BACK TO BED.
GARLIC?
BUT OF COURSE. THEY SAY OF THE BAD CAPTAIN THAT HE'D GAG AT THE STUFF. IT'D CHOKE HIM BLUE, WE HEAR--
WE'LL EACH TAKE A CLOVE. WHOMSOEVER HAS BECOME THE FIEND WILL BE REVEALED SOON ENOUGH.
VERY WELL--
SUITS ME--
DOWN THE HATCH--
THIS IS HARDLY SCIENTIFIC--
NOT KEEN TO JOIN US, MISS? I WONDER WHY...
I CAN'T. I'VE GOT AN ALLERGY. I'LL GO ALL RED--
YOU KNOW, LIKE YOU DO WITH SHELLFISH.
HOW VERY CONVENIENT.
NO-NO-NO! THIS IS ARCANE AND PARANOID AND STUPID AND I DON'T LET THINGS GO ON LIKE THIS!
QUELLE DOMMAGE.
SHOOT THEM BOTH.


HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE--
OW!
THUMP!
NEEK!
SORTED. HAS ANYONE GOT A--
--MATCH?
WHAT HAPPENED?
A POWER CUT--
THE HUMIDITY MAKES THE GENERATOR UNRELIABLE--IT HAPPENS A LOT ROUND HERE.
WELL, I'VE NO DESIRE TO BE KEPT IN THE DARK. WHERE IS THE GENERATOR, VARNEY?
AN OUT-HOUSE. PAST THE SCULLERY, TURN LEFT, AND NO, I'M NOT GOING.
DOCTOR, D'YOU THINK YOU COULD LASH IT TOGETHER?
I CAN TRY.
MARWOOD, GO WITH HIM.
I WOULD, BUT--
OH DEAR, I THINK I'VE SPRAINED MY ANKLE.
GIVE ME THAT--
I'LL BE FINE. I DO MY BEST WORK IN THE DARK--
I'LL WATCH OVER THE DOCTOR, YOU LOT WATCH OVER EACH OTHER. FIRST ONE TO TURN INTO BELA LUGOSI IS IT.
AND WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, VARNEY?
TO MY BOUDOIR, MS. TRUSCOTT-SADE. I'M GOING TO LOCK THE DOOR AND BOLT THE WINDOWS TIGHT--
SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE IS VILENESS ITSELF. THAT GIVEN, I SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME.


FEY, LOOK! THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS IS MAKING A RUN FOR IT, TOO...
Oh no...
WAIT HERE, IZZY. I'LL BE BACK.
WE APPEAR TO BE ALONE, LITTLE CHICKEN...
I AM IMPOTENT WITHOUT A WEAPON. RELAX, MISSY. I CAN'T HURT YOU, CAN I NOW?
YOW!
HAH!
WACK!
QUAKE NOT, DEVIL GIRL. I WON'T PUT DOWN A SITTING DUCK--
YOU'VE GOT SIXTY SECONDS. START RUNNING. AND THEN I'M COMING TO GETCHA...
MEANWHILE...
THIS MUST BE IT, MISS SNITCHING--
OH, THE ARROGANCE! HE'S STUCK A DIESEL GENERATOR INSIDE A PALAEOLITHIC CAVE! I'VE A MIND TO TELL THE NATIONAL TRUST...
A-HA!


HMM. THE POWER LINE'S BEEN NEATLY CUT. SOMEONE WANTED THAT BLACKOUT--
HOLD ON. I'LL FUSE IT BACK TOGETHER.
THERE. THAT'S BETTER--
OOOH!
SABINE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SORRY. I FELT QUITE FAINT FOR A MOMENT--
FAINT AND HUNGRY...
YES. NOW YOU MENTION IT, I FEEL A LITTLE STRANGE MYSELF...
LOOK AT THESE! FASCINATING--
THERE WERE PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND ONCE. THEY LIVED IN THE CAVES, DREW THESE. LOOK AT THIS...
ONE DAY A DEMON ROSE UP FROM INSIDE THE VOLCANO, AND IT TAUGHT THE MONKEYS HOW TO HUNT AND KILL--
D-DOCTOR...
AND THEN...
AND THEN THE MONKEYS ATE THE PEOPLE...
NGGG!
NFFF!
DOCTOR!!!


HEE HEE HEE HEE!
NOOOO!!
NEXT: BLOOD AND WINE

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk. No other correspondence by e-mail, please. For details of back issues, see page 32. Subscriptions enquiries to the address on page 44 only.

TREK "HAS BRAINS"!

I read Philip MacDonald's *Space buns and tea* in **DWM** 256 and, in particular, his words "I hope it goes without saying that even the feeblest, most pedestrian episode of *Doctor Who* is manifestly more sophisticated than anything ever produced in the name of *Star Trek*, *Star Wars* or *The X Files*." At first I was bemused. Then I was angry, and then I laughed. Does Mr MacDonald really believe this? Is he really saying that *Time and the Rani* is better than *Deep Space Nine*'s *Duet*, or *The Next Generation*'s *The Measure of a Man*? Do these episodes not have "brains"?

Then there was Matthew Jones' *Fluid Links* article, *Do your best and don't worry*. I agreed with most of his points, but then realised he was only giving half the evidence. Take the *DS9* crew, for example. They've been given the runaround by the Dominion, Maquis, Klingons and Cardassians countless times. Then we have the good Doctor, who defeats the 'baddies' in virtually every story, and on some occasions has saved the entire universe. Now, which show says more about facing up to failure?

Now, I love *Doctor Who*. In fact, the only show I prefer is *Deep Space Nine*. But so what? Is there some rule that says you can only read **DWM** if *Doctor Who* is your absolute favourite show? I suspect that a vast proportion of your readership like other SF programmes as well as *Doctor Who*, and by alienating them, you are alienating your own fans. Matthew Jones says: "To me, this whole top of the class thing smacks of insecurity." I agree! Are your feature writers so insecure about us liking *Doctor Who* that they have to resort to rubbishing everything else? Please, **DWM**, stick to saying why *Doctor Who* is so good, and refrain from saying why other shows aren't.

Chas Channing
Luton, Beds

LICENCE REBUKED

I would like to take issue with the *Out of the TARDIS* articles which feature the question, "Sean Connery or Roger Moore?" Okay, fair enough, ignore Lazenby and Brosnan, but surely Timothy Dalton's superb and definitive portrayal of Bond should not be ignored. He is by far the best actor to have played the role, and his films are far more entertaining than the dull Connery ones, and the wooden Moore ones. How about "Moore, Connery or Dalton?" Not too much to ask, is it? How would we like it if a James Bond magazine asked simply, "Hartnell or Pertwee?"

Gregory Hughes
Ormskirk, Lancashire

*Po-faced Dalton the best Bond? Are you serious, Gregory? Those **DWM** readers in need of a full and frank critical history of all 20 Bond films are urged to look no further than an utterly fabulous new tome,* Kiss Kiss Bang! Bang!: The Unofficial James Bond Film Companion, *to be published by BT Batsford in November (ISBN 0 7134 8182 X, price £15.99). It's been written by two up-and-coming young turks named, er, Alan Barnes and Marcus Hearn, and it's better than being fed to a megalomaniac's piranhas. Oh yes.*

Not James Bond

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Matthew Jones' claim [*Fluid Links*, **DWM** 256] that *Doctor Who* "has taken average people and given them adventures" doesn't really stand up to close inspection, does it? Ian and Barbara may have been relatively average (although excessively knowledgeable for schoolteachers – they weren't university academics, remember) but it wasn't long before our hero was being accompanied by space orphan Vicki and astronaut Steven Taylor. Average? I think not. And nor were Jamie, Zoe, Leela, Romana, Mel or (despite the bizarre belief of some fans) Ace, for that matter. Matthew's implication that the Doctor is also in some way average are obviously ludicrous. The man travels through time, for goodness' sake!

In fact, the Doctor's failure at academic studies has far more in common with the likeable rebel figures to be found in huge amounts of English literature from Conan Doyle to Evelyn Waugh, a point your *Roots* articles have made quite clearly.

Matthew is mistaken in thinking that comparisons between *Doctor Who* and *Star Trek* or *The X Files* are valid. Just because they all include spaceships and aliens doesn't mean they are genuinely of the same genre. You wouldn't compare *Moby Dick* with *Free Willy* just because they both feature whales. *Doctor Who* has next to nothing in common with American sci-fi, instead being firmly rooted in much older British and European storytelling traditions, as readers of Stephen Cartwright's pieces will know.

Perhaps Mr Jones could broaden his horizons. A diet of pure sci-fi is no good for anyone.

Mark Roberts
Leicester

PS: while I agree with nearly all of Philip MacDonald's points in *Space buns and tea*, I'd like to make it clear that I still think *Delta and the Bannermen* is absolutely unwatchable rubbish.

NOT-SO-NEW NEW 'NEW ADVENTURES'?

I was an avid fan of the Virgin *New Adventures* and was especially fond of the way in which they took the Doctor, Ace and the TARDIS and nothing else from the TV programme and produced an excellent series of novels. It was not until many volumes into the series that they started to re-introduce old villains etc, and then it was done sparingly until the *Missing Adventures* came along.

I was quite intrigued by BBC Books' decision to go against this. It seems that they do not have sufficient confidence in their new series to allow it to stand on its own. Eight out of the first ten novels feature heavily an element from the past besides the Doctor, his companions and the TARDIS. *The Eight Doctors*: enough said, but forgiveable as an introduction to new readers. *Vampire Science*: the vampires from *State of Decay*. *The Bodysnatchers*: the Zygons, plus Litefoot from *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. *Genocide*: Jo Grant. *War of the Daleks*: need I say? *Business Unusual*: the Master and the Nestene Consciousness. *Illegal Alien*: the Cybermen.

Many of these are very good in their own right. But why can't the BBC Books people slow down in their use of old monsters and companions? The universe is a big place, especially when you have all of time to explore too. Does the Doctor have to keep bumping into old friends and enemies every time he opens the TARDIS doors?

Come on, folks – you've got the talent, so use it. Let your imaginations run beyond the TV

AND IF I JUST PULL HERE... OH NO! *KER-PLUNK!*

CRAZY CAPTION 247

And so to the results of last December's *Crazy Caption*. Our favourite, scrawled on the back of a Captain Blue postcard, was by Phillip Brown of Cardiff. We also liked "Is this your contact lens, Alpha Centauri?" by Stephen Reed of Ipswich, and David Probert of Swindon's "And if you shake it up and down, it looks like it's snowing!" They, and the few others who had the imagination not to send in a National Lottery-inspired non-joke, have won a *Leisure Hive* tape courtesy BBC Video. The others have been comprehensively soiled by Aggedor's younger and somewhat less hairy cousin, Timothy Beast-of-Peladon. It's all rather horrid, and you'll not want to know any more.

show. Don't keep re-using elements from the past. Or is a certain former producer with a double-barrelled surname now working at BBC Books department? We have a right to know!

Martin Harris
via e-mail

Next issue, you'll be able to read BBC Books Doctor Who *editor Steven Cole's exclusive assessment of the range's first few months . . .*

CORRECTION

In your *Dragonfire* archive [**DWM** 255] you mention "an orchestrated fan campaign opposing John Nathan-Turner's style of production" which "culminated with an item on BBC2's *Did You See . . . ?*" Later in the same article, you say that this featured "fans Jeremy Bentham and Peter Anghelides".

The BBC contacted me at Mediawatch International, where I was then working, to ask if I would appear on the programme to describe the various different Doctors. Although I am a fan of the programme, my participation was as a media researcher, and credited as such. The BBC did not ask me to comment on JNT's work, and I was never part of the 'Operation Who' campaign.

The wording of your article could be interpreted to suggest otherwise, and so I'd be grateful if you would publish this letter to make my position clear. To understand my views of JNT's many and varied *Doctor Who* productions, people should read my reviews or articles in *DWB*, *TV Zone*, **DWM**, a variety of contemporary fanzines, or the rec.arts.drwho internet newsgroup.

Peter Anghelides
via e-mail

In addition, **DWM** *would like to apologise to photographer Paula Bentham for omitting her due credit on the Louis Marks picture published on page 35 of* **DWM** *256, which originated in Peter and Justin Richards' excellent* In Vision *magazine.*

HAVE NO SHAME!

Right, that's it. He's gone too far this time. That editor of yours should be shot at dawn.

Why? Well, not only has he declared in his editorial [**DWM** 251] that he hates the best theme tune ever written, but now he admits to having hidden his collection of *Doctor Who* videos from his new flatmate Mike because he is embarrassed by them [**DWM** 256]. He then apologised for them when Mike found them and asked if he could watch one. I mean, are Gary's actions those of a person trying to keep *Who* alive, or what?

As for the videos which our dear editor would not let his flatmate watch, well . . . what's wrong with *The Five Doctors* anyway? I loved it, and I know many casual viewers of the programme who cite this story as one of their favourites. So what if the plot is not airtight SF?

For many of us *Doctor Who* was never about that anyway. It is, and always has been, much more to do with atmosphere: monsters, strange locations, the hum of the TARDIS control room, a wild and alien look in Tom Baker's eyes, *that* theme tune and every opportunity to throw oneself behind a sofa. Oh, and Jon Pertwee's lisp.

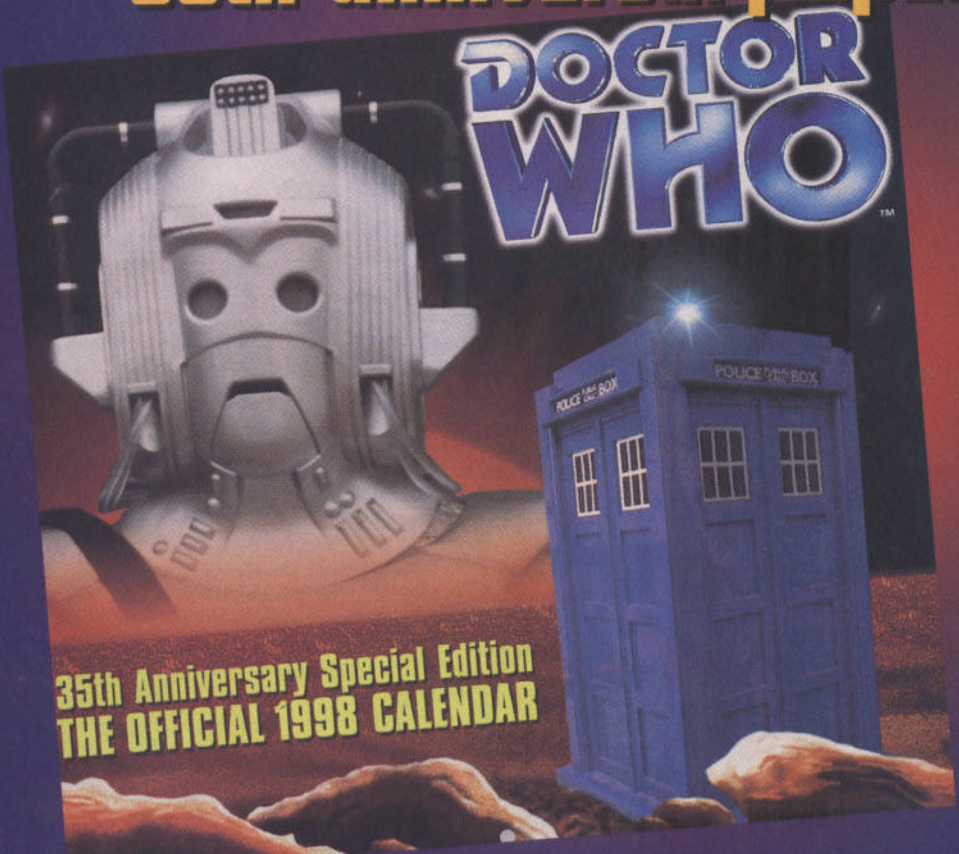
If Gary wants to keep apologising for *Doctor Who* then he should quit **DWM** and go edit *Twinkle* or something. The mind probe, anybody?

Peter Dixon
Vicar's Cross, Chester

Actually, Twinkle *turned him down.*

Slow Dazzle Worldwide presents

Doctor Who The official 1998 calendar
35th anniversary special edition!



Features stunning full colour pictures from all 35 years of Doctor Who, plus essential dates for every fans' diary!

Available in high street stockists or by mail order

Only £9.99

plus £1.99 postage and packing (UK and Europe)
£2.99 postage and packing (rest of world)

To order, send cheques or money orders, made payable to Slow Dazzle Worldwide, to:

Doctor Who Official 1998 Calendar
Jem Marketing, Jem House, Little Mead,
Cranley, Surrey GU6 8ND

or call the credit card hotline on

01483 268 888
and ask for 'Doctor Who'
Visa/Mastercard accepted

The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

Jackie, Chas, Nigel and Nigel's mate are down the pub. But will the Chart Monster consume them all?

Friday (Pub night) 17 October

9pm "Chas," I begin, "you know *Shelf Life* in **DWM**?"

Interrupted by Nigel, who's brought a mate. James is exactly the sort of mate you'd expect him to bring. Swathed in hair and smoke, never without a baseball cap, he has eyes like runestones and a smile I've only ever seen worn by a Blue Meanie.

Chas is clearly terrified by him and a conversation laced with fear and alcohol lurches uncontrollably from subject to subject with unsubtle changes of gear which *That's Life* elevated to an artform. James compliments my earrings.

"They're little K9s."

He observes Nigel's left ear, perforated like a notebook. He's got three in tonight.

"Got anything else pierced?"

Nigel flushes. "No!"

"You got anything pierced, Chas?"

"I've got *GoldenEye*."

9.30pm James again: "So, who's your favourite *Doctor Who*?"

The ignorant but strangely appealing non-fan's use of programme title as character name results in a chorusing of "Tom" like the Beverly Sisters.

Now, as fans we all share the same inner demon. This monster, with an in-built race memory requirement to list and categorise endlessly, is an unholy cross between Rumpelstiltskin and Peter Snow during a by-election crisis. And unbeknown to James, he'd just unlocked it; it was out, unshackled and dancing among the Hooch. I had bought *The Book of Lists*, a tome recently published purely to satisfy the beast, but the creature, wanting more, seized upon Nigel's following confession, rendering me hostage to the situation.

"I once drew up a 'Top Ten TARDIS Landings' chart in the early eighties" (Number One, *The Androids of Tara*).

I could see Chas, like myself, trying to avoid the bait. He was concentrating his mind on nostalgic crisp brands again as, for the briefest of moments, I thought I caught his lips forming the words 'Outer Spacers' in victory. 30 seconds later, Chas: "Mine's *The Tenth Planet*."

"Mine's *Castrovalva*." (Dammit, I've started.)

Table became a TopTenFest of landings, spaceships and unbelievably, Tom's boots.

10pm I try again. "I had a phone call from Dave Owen . . ." to which Nigel asks: "If the Doctors were Spice Girls, which ones would they be?"

James gazes at his mate in pain. As if he'd just slung on a pair of stilettoes and popped off to the Ladies. But this is a non-fan on fan territory. The Chart Monster, appetised, was hungry for some categorising.

Chas commented in fake disinterest that the Spice Girls were passé, then immediately nominated Davison as Baby Spice. I protested his right to be both Baby and Sporty. Consensus made Colin Scary.

"The trouble," began Chas, "is Tom." Oh, how many script meetings must have started like that! Tom was also Scary; Sylvester, too, was found to have Scary leanings and with Troughton neither qualifying for Posh nor Ginger, it was clear that Scary was somewhat oversubscribed.

Chas says wasn't McGann's hair gingerish, but I said only in some lights. In most, it's blue.

Then Nigel says sometimes, when the lighting's strong (like always), Colin's hair reflects the orange panels in his coat. Although this is bull, all unable to think of better example. Colin transfers to Ginger.

There were, however, to be no arguments with Posh. Just as $E=mc^2$, Pertwee was Posh.

10.30pm Like Kroagnon, the Chart Monster belched a demanding "Hungryyyy!" pushing us to debate 'Great CSO Moments' in order of merit, and imitable *Who* mannerisms, a catalogue delivered in a style reminiscent of professional Bingo callers:

One hand on hip, one leg forward: Mary Tamm.

Finger rubbing chin: concerned Pertwee.

Hand rubbing neck: troubled Pertwee.

Lapel grabbing purposefully: Hartnell.

Lapel grabbing aesthetically: C Baker.

The self-delivered head smack: Tom.

Pretending to chew gum whilst smiling: Ainley Mouth.

Pointing at distant things: Chesterton Fingers.

"I'm reviewing some novels," was my final blunt attempt, but the revelation was lost. With the urge to list increasing, the conversation degenerated to a point which, if I'd not been there to witness it, I wouldn't have believed.

Pertwee's jackets.

Here's the thing. Although I've never consciously absorbed this information, it responds with frightening clarity when called upon. Evidently both Chas, and even Nigel, were also discovering this fearful aspect. If *Doctor Who* was languages I'd be bi-lingual.

Chas does a Jeff Banks touching movement around neck to indicate the high collar on the rust jacket from *Three Doctors*.

All echo "Oooh, lovelay." Like mums do.

I recall a double-breasted purple thing from *Planet of the Daleks*, somehow confirmed by Nigel, who hasn't been definite about anything for six months.

Chas has gone all pastel over *Dinosaurs*.

"It's powder. Powder blue." Suggested it was more turquoise but he wouldn't have a bar of it.

A brief discussion to determine if the moss green *Time Warrior* jacket was the same as the *Carnival of Monsters* one eventually led to what we were dreading. A mistake. Who would make it and when? It was Nigel. Colour co-ordinating.

"Didn't Pertwee wear green in *Green Death*?"

It was a race to get there first. I knew this one as I'd known them all and I was going to show off about it . . . why?

"No, it was . . ."

" . . . slate grey with red piping." Chas, flapping an imaginary lapel, had been even quicker.

Tried to rescue my position as Pertwee Jacket Knower '97 by pointing out the story's unusual presence of a Pertwee waistcoat. It was a short subsection and as a category, it didn't have the legs.

10.55pm Wonder if James'll ever come out with us again?

Must enter Chas for *You Bet* . . . (after the guy who can sniff out supermarket tea).

"Number Six. That's deep maroon with red piping," twinkles Darren Day, angelically blond, the nation's perfect son. He continues, "Name that jacket."

"That's *The Five Doctors*, Darren," announces Chas, to rapturous applause from Julie Goodyear, who'd presented him as her 'Freak' challenge.

11.10pm The landlord's saying "Drinkupperleese." Full to bursting, the Chart Monster's caught by his fur-lined hood, sedated and flung back in his box. He's a finely-tuned beast, after years of video labelling, voting for seasons, for stories, cliffhangers, villains, directors . . . To think he's reduced me to this – jackets and Spice Girls . . .

And to think I enjoyed it as much as I did.

Fifth man in

Come 1981, a new face stepped up to the sticky cosmic wicket vacated by outgoing Doctor Tom Baker. In the second part of his exclusive chat with writer/script editor Christopher H Bidmead, Peter Griffiths is stumped by strange tales of *Sealed Orders*, 'star-ishness' and celery . . .

"It's funny how fragments of the show are coming back to me," muses Chris Bidmead, pushing his pizza dish to one side. "It's like unearthing bits of a mosaic. You sweep away the sand and gosh, there's another bit."

Arriving at the midpoint of Tom Baker's final season, we find that Chris' primary goal as script editor – to return *Doctor Who* to its original, science-orientated premise – has been mostly achieved. It was demanding work for the script editor, but the result was there on the screen – in most cases. An exception was noted SF novelist Christopher Priest's *Sealed Orders*, replaced at a late stage by *Warriors' Gate* but immortalized on the production team's planning board in a photo taken for the 1980 book *A Day in the Life of a TV Producer*. We swept away a little of the sand covering one of *Doctor Who*'s best-known 'abandoned' stories.

"Until we knew Peter well, we weren't quite sure how it was all going to turn out"

"Working with Chris Priest was a great honour, of course, because I wanted to get really good writers onto the show and Chris was a really good writer. He brought some great ideas, but the guy's essentially a novelist. It's in no sense demeaning to him to say that he wasn't terribly skilled as a dramatist, and he wasn't able to deliver scenes that in my judgement and the judgement of John Nathan-Turner and others would work in front of the camera. He had too much of the novelist's self-esteem and sensibility to want his stuff to be kicked around by this hack to make it work, so we had some, shall we say, creative tensions!

"My feeling is very much that I went through each draft with Chris, but when it came back it sometimes might not have changed. I would say, 'Chris, this hasn't worked, how about this?' and he would say, 'Well, if you don't like it, tough!' In those days you got first draft money, final delivery money and then a third payment. At some point he will have raked in the pot and said, 'Thank you very much, but I'm holding my cards.' Although we didn't part perhaps the best of friends, there was no great lingering acrimony about it all. He got involved in a computer company which is doing add-ons for WordPerfect, and I ran into him in my later role as a computer journalist."

The subject matter of *Sealed Orders* has been reported as starting from the premise that the Doctor receives instructions to kill Romana. This is news to Chris. "Chris Priest was very taken with the TARDIS, and this was part of the problem. There was a lot of very intellectual stuff about having a TARDIS within a TARDIS, or two TARDISes together at the same time." As later happened in *Logopolis*? "If you care to put it like that, yes, maybe! Chris' script played with the idea of what happened if the TARDIS went back or forward in time and ran into itself. Obviously it was not a script I took all the way through the studio but I can't remember much more about it, and that could be an indictment of the script. It had some good conceits, but was short on characters and actual story."

And so *Warriors' Gate*, the fifth story of Season Eighteen and the conclusion to the E-space trilogy, was commissioned. Some confusion surrounds the production of this story, with director Paul Joyce maintaining he rewrote the script – a claim refuted by ▶

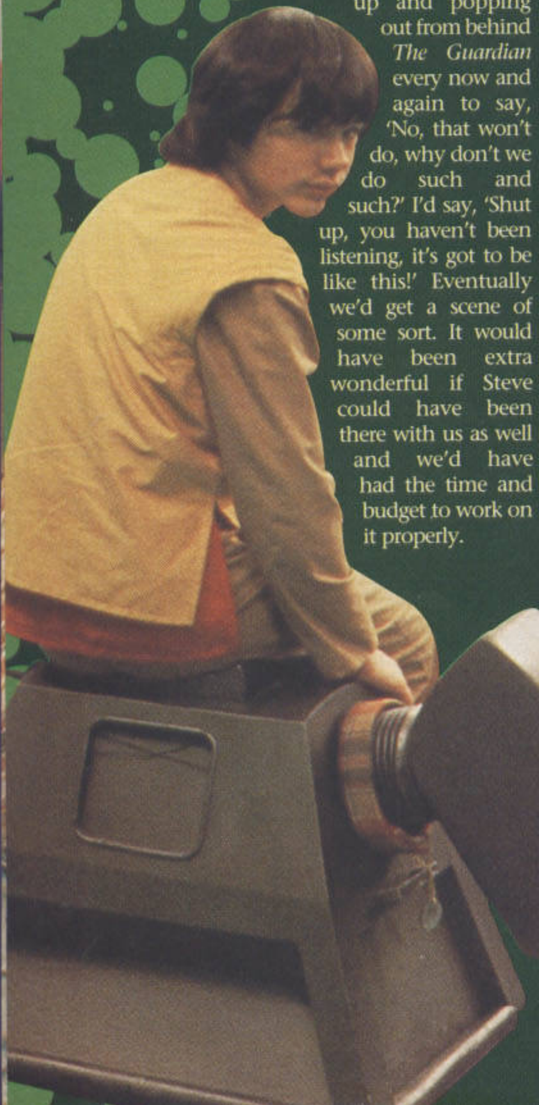
the writer, Steve Gallagher – and production manager Graeme Harper allegedly stepping in to direct on the studio floor.

"Is that the received wisdom? It's all wrong. When Paul came to do the job initially, he saw these wonderful qualities he would be able to express through the camera. One of the things he did initially was pull out of the library an old Mickey Spillane *film noir* classic, which he showed to us to demonstrate some of the qualities he wanted to get into the story. And by God, I think he actually did. I remember hardly anything of the final product because the drama of producing it was so much greater than the drama which actually hit the screen, but certainly working with Paul was one of the highlights of the season for me. He is doing very honourable work these days, some interesting biographies of film-makers and so forth.

"Now, Graeme Harper was a fabulous production manager, and he was very important to that show. He certainly helped to hold it all together. John Nathan-Turner stepped in at the last moment and nominally took over as director, but without Graeme I don't think we would have had a show. So that bit is true.

"As for the script, Paul Joyce and I together sat at my computer and rewrote it. Steve Gallagher is again a wonderful novelist, and he produced a script which was a wonderful novel, but Paul was not just being artsy when he said it wouldn't work as a TV piece. It really needed to be taken to bits and rewritten from top to bottom to make it dramatic. That's what Paul and I did. I did all of the typing and contributed 50 per cent of the ideas, and I think we worked evenings for a complete week on this thing. I have a picture of me slaving away at the computer and Paul sitting somewhere with his feet up and popping out from behind *The Guardian* every now and again to say, 'No, that won't do, why don't we do such and such?' I'd say, 'Shut up, you haven't been listening, it's got to be like this!' Eventually we'd get a scene of some sort. It would have been extra wonderful if Steve could have been there with us as well and we'd have had the time and budget to work on it properly.

BBC Video [4]



"I'm sorry to keep coming back to that," says Chris with a sigh. "It sounds 'whingey'. I don't feel whingey about it in retrospect, but I feel a bit sad that some of the smashing actors and really good directors with whom we were working were not served by a bigger budget and more time. The bottom line is that Steve Gallagher got the payment, the royalties and his name on the script, and he owns the ideas and wants to turn them into a book. Maybe he already has. But the fact is that Paul and I totally rewrote the script from top to bottom."

Kassia (Sheila Ruskin) is possessed; Adric (Matthew Waterhouse) and the Doctor (Tom Baker) stand witness. *The Keeper of Traken*

"The director and I totally rewrote *Warriors' Gate* from top to bottom"

The penultimate story of the season, *The Keeper of Traken* began another loose trilogy, one which would continue and conclude with scripts provided by Chris himself. He listened as I detailed Johnny Byrne's original drafts and the changes apparent in the finished product. "It sounds awfully like the sort of thing I did to Terrance's vampire script, doesn't it? I'm glad you think it works – I did a lot of work on it. I knew Johnny Byrne before *Traken*, when he was just a wandering poet, and I was amazed to discover when I became involved with *Doctor Who* that he had become a very distinguished screenwriter. This was another script that wasn't right on the final delivery and needed a lot of work, and Johnny was unavailable to help me with it. As with previous scripts in the season, the stories and characters were all there, they just needed to be reshaped and a few more things fed into the script. Johnny was a damn good writer, so it comes as no surprise when you tell me he was offered the script editor's job. Neither am I surprised that he turned it down. He's a very sensible guy!"

Byrne's tale of the Master's subversion of the power of Traken's Keeper saw both the return of the Doctor's nemesis, played by Anthony Ainley, and the introduction of Sarah Sutton's Nyssa. The Master's involvement was the producer's idea. "John did things like come in and say, 'Oh, the script's almost finished, jolly good. We ought to have the Master in it.' What a good idea, John . . . But at the same time as you were saying hell and what a lot of work it would be, you were thinking about the super opportunities – 'It will totally screw up that scene, this bit won't work anymore, that's a disaster – but if we do this, it might work.' I loved those challenges.

"Nyssa was a surprise to us . . . There was nothing particularly about the character which dictated we bring her on board, but I certainly think Sarah Sutton was special. It was John's decision that we needed another companion, and it could have been some kind of crisis of confidence."

For the final story of the season, and also of the Fourth Doctor, Chris himself stepped up to the plate. "I was actually against the idea of script editors writing the stories themselves. It all got too cosy and there was an awful lot of 'cross-corridor commissioning' where editors employed each other. It was very important for outside writers to be roped in because we needed the new ideas and fresh blood. I can't remember the circumstances under which I came to write *Logopolis*, but my impression is that I'd already decided to leave the

The floored Fifth Doctor (Peter Davision) in *Castrovalva*

show and therefore thought of myself as the ex-script editor. Obviously I wanted to write the story, because I wanted to write them all. If you haven't understand that by now, you haven't understood anything!"

So why did Chris choose to leave *Doctor Who*? "I'd had several rows with John. They weren't escalating – John and I knew where we stood *vis-a-vis* each other – but there was lot of what you might call creative tension between us. Mainly it was the big problem that I touched on earlier – there was no job description for what I was doing. As nobody would write one for me, to my mind there was only one thing to do. I thought the job was actually fairly important to the show and I wanted to test whether the BBC felt that as well, so I simply said I wanted 30 per cent more to stay on another year. They said 'Thanks, but no thanks'. There was no hassle over it – I think they understand what my point was – and the answer was, 'No, we don't actually value script editors all that much.' I didn't want to go through another year of the same only less so, avoiding the rows by doing much less of the work. A lot of BBC people seemed to me to be stuck in there getting by, hanging on to their jobs and not caring tuppence about stuff, and I didn't want to be part of that. It was a relief in a way to say, 'OK, I understand, we'll call it a day.'"

"The natural conflict on *Doctor Who* was between the carers and the don't-carers. It was always a deeply under-budgeted production with a couple of people like John and myself and the occasional director who really cared passionately, and it was commonplace that we would be trying to push on into overtime to do retakes while the crew, quite understandably, would get fed up and want to go off to the pub."

As Chris expanded on his working relationship with his producer, his frustration and also admiration were evident. "John loved the glamour of working with actors and he liked to read scripts and comment on everything, but he didn't necessarily understand about casting or characters or why and when scenes worked or didn't work. He didn't, I think, understand some of the language of television as it was in the early eighties. He was still stuck with the language of the sixties.

"If you cut from you and I sitting here having a cup of coffee to the same situation two hours later, John would say that in order to understand that time had passed you had to put in a cutaway. It was a very traditional, old-fashioned view. The idea of a cutaway doesn't sit well with me. There's no such thing. There are only scenes. I don't care if it's only two seconds long – if nothing happens, why are we messing about with it?

"Whenever John would say to me, as happened time and time again, 'Chris, we've got to have a cutaway here,' I would have to invent a scene or more likely take a previous scene, pick it carefully to pieces and take a fragment out of it which still worked in some sense as a scene and insert that as the cutaway. I worked hard at it – it was very important to me. Of course, by the time the show finally got cut together we were a very far cry from anything that was in the script, but I think that on the whole directors understood better than John that you shoot scenes. So that's an example."

Chris chuckles; there's certainly no animosity on his behalf. "I don't want to go on endlessly about John – he had the fantastic good sense to choose me as a script editor! One of the things I would never want to take away from him is that he knew the shortcuts through BBC red tape. If you wanted something set up, John knew that you didn't fill in this form and go and see that supervisor – you just talked to Dave. He was the guy who could get it for you. John was terribly good at helping directors do that as well. All these excellent skills at getting things done in the BBC had come about through long experience as a first class production unit manager. It's just that he was less good at understanding the artistic side of things, and we sometimes came to blows over it."

Perhaps by contrast, Chris greatly respected executive producer Barry Letts' involvement. "Barry was marvellous. He was the inspiration for *Doctor Who* reverting to its original concept, and it was he who explained the premise. He was a senior figure, but as the season progressed he either felt his input was no longer necessary or, more likely, got shouldered out a little as John became more confident about running the show. Certainly in the initial months he was utterly indispensable, and a useful moderator between

Consuls Katura (Margot Van Der Burgh), Kassia and Luvic (Robin Soans) ponder the problem of *The Keeper of Traken*

John and I in certain circumstances! He was there because it was John's first producing job, and the two of them had a genuine desire to get *Doctor Who* back to its original quality."

Having made his decision to leave, Chris finally had the opportunity to receive the credit for a *Doctor Who* story. *Logopolis* had a lot of ground to cover: it had to introduce new companion Tegan, re-establish Nyssa and the Master, and pose a serious enough threat to bring about the Fourth Doctor's regeneration. Chris explained the story behind the story. "I had bought a microcomputer, the Vectorgraphic MZ System B – the same one Paul Joyce and I were hunched over – and I spent a lot of time messing about inside this machine and knew something about its architecture. I was deeply interested by the fact that for the first time, we'd managed to capture logical space inside a box. We named something after it, I'm sure [the MZ gun in *Warrior's Gate*].

"The whole of *Logopolis* is frankly lifted from this machine. If you've written a particularly nice routine which you want to explain, you put it in the first person, acting as if you are the program and following the line of logic. The microcomputer I was using had a marvellous feature which allowed you to pop up a window on the screen and see the running program and the changes that were made in memory and to the processor as they happened. In order to understand how it worked, you became the program – and that's how the Logopolitans emerged. They were these people who were inside changing the register and the values.

The duplicitous Master (Anthony Ainsley) entrusts the Doctor with the saving of the universe. *Logopolis*

"We were also very caught up with the idea of the Charged Vacuum Emboitment first seen in *Full Circle*. My feeling was that if you had a rattling good idea it was wasted if you just threw it away in one episode. You needed to build up a picture of it over time. You couldn't stop in the middle of a scene and explain it in 12 paragraphs. You had a hint of its existence in episode one, some speculation in episode two, and in episode three an authoritative figure pronounces a few things about it that would have been incomprehensible if you hadn't heard the earlier things. It's forgotten about and then turns up a few stories later. I liked this dimension of storytelling, that you could over the course of a season develop a more rounded picture of this strange fiction.

"The story's other impetus was that I was intrigued by the architecture of the TARDIS, and wanted to explore this through putting one inside another. The TARDIS was such an amazing idea. The more you thought about it, the more you realised it wasn't just a bit of glue to move the Doctor around between stories – it's a thing in its own right. The TARDIS is very much like the dimension you discover in computers, where you can create directories and endless files. Wouldn't it be great if you had a vehicle where you said, 'We need some more room' and just created it? The idea of jettisoning a percentage was very much a conjugation between the computer I was learning about and the strange dimensions of the TARDIS. I enjoyed playing with that."

"The producer thought she was being a bit hoity-toity and star-ish . . ."

***Logopolis* devotes a fair proportion of its first two episodes to introducing Romana's replacement, an irascible Australian who would heckle the Doctor for the next three seasons. "Tegan was entirely John Nathan-Turner again," says Chris. "I would never have gone to John and said, 'Gosh, it would be nice if we had a new companion.' It was John's idea that she should be an airline hostess and Australian – which was not unconnected with the fact that we were getting significant sales in Australia. I think Janet Fielding did a rattling good job. I was liked her a lot, but again, what happened to her afterwards? Of all the *Doctor Who* characters, I'd have to say she came closest to uniting the account of the character as secretly known to Chris Bidmead and the character as appearing on screen. She was an excellent enough actress to be able to pick up on the clues in the script and build from that.**

BBC Video

"Janet was also an example of the myth about *Doctor Who*. Directors, actors, script editors, we were all the same. We came into the show thinking it was a well-known institution and global enterprise, and then discovered we were joining this little cottage industry on a tiny budget. I think it was Janet who was utterly astonished not to have her own dressing room with a shower. It seemed perfectly normal to me, but John thought she was being quite hoity-toity and star-ish, and how could she possibly behave like this! This was gritty old *Doctor Who* where catch as catch can. It made me feel even more sympathetic towards Janet when her illusions, which were not great, were shattered along with those of the rest of us!"

The similarity between the use of the TARDIS here and in Christopher Priest's *Sealed Orders* highlighted one of the liabilities when Chris penned scripts of his own. "I'd read a lot of storyline ideas that I'd encouraged people to send in, and when I later came to produce my own scripts, someone would invariably write in saying, 'This idea in *Logopolis* is mine!' I would ring the person or write them a very polite letter explaining that I didn't think that was the case and why. Ideas are everywhere – the hard work is putting the ideas together in a script. It was difficult to say to fans who obviously cherished their ideas, but the wonderful idea that they had sent in was probably not that original anyway. I could probably cite four other *Doctor Whos* in the seventies which dealt with it.

"My experience of writing these scripts was that the ideas generate so much material. Your characters are just bursting with ideas and responses and what you are trying to do is cut them down to the bare minimum. Unless the ideas are such that you end up with an overgrown garden to which you have to take the pruning shears, you probably shouldn't be messing around with those ideas in the first place. That was certainly true of all the scripts we've been talking about. There are a million things that could happen at this point, a thousand things that would be very interesting and a hundred things that would be excruciatingly interesting, but there is only one thing that is absolutely right for this moment, and by God you'd better find out what it is!"

The atmosphere of *Logopolis* is effectively sombre, and the script's magnitude is by far the greatest of any *Doctor Who* story – the heat death of the entire universe. Did Chris spare a thought for the poor writers who would have to try to top this? "Absolutely not! We did save the universe and put it all back together again in the end. I was very struck by this idea of entropy, that you could pull a string somewhere and unravel the whole of reality. Unlike most savings of the universe, I thought I had a fairly good extrapolated scientific underpinning for this concept. This was not kidding – this was the real sky falling apart. After a season of doing *Doctor Who*, I had a pretty good idea what this was like!"

Chris' characterisation of the Master has been acclaimed as one of the strongest of the eighties. What was his take on the evil Time Lord? "I liked the Master. I said earlier that you had the sense of *Doctor Who* being a morality play, and the Master was a wonderful charismatic representation of the Devil. It was a very seventies thing to have the psychotic villain turn up again and again, but you wanted to get inside their minds and understand their psychosis. There's a John Carpenter film called *Assault on Precinct 13* which involves a police station under attack. The baddies are outside firing guns through the window and so forth, but you never learn anything at all about them or why they're doing this. That seemed to me to sum up a lot of the seventies approach. That's why the Master never was, for me, this jeering icon. It wasn't good enough.

"I was reminded by the fans that he was a fallen Time Lord, which of course has Biblical and Miltonic overtones. I respected that, and I played around very much with the importance of the character. Just to get the glimmer of the idea that you might be writing Milton is very exciting indeed! I seem to remember living through the Master's aspirations to destroy the universe – it made perfect sense to me at the time!"

While amused at the mention of a couple of the more offbeat ideas in *Logopolis* – the Doctor's plan to dunk the TARDIS in the Thames, and the Master's broadcast to the universe at the end of the story – Chris defends both ideas: "It was characteristic of the Doctor that one of his modes of thinking was to cut the Gordian Knot. You know the Greek myth of the complicated knot that no man can untie? Achilles said to hell with it and cut it in half with his sword. Likewise, the Doctor could be faced with the extraordinary quantum mechanics of a TARDIS within a TARDIS and say, 'We'll just dump the whole thing in the Thames.' It struck me as being a very Doctorish approach. As for the Master's broadcast, in the light of the astonishing arrival of the Internet, I would have thought broadcasting to the universe doesn't seem so far-fetched now!"

"I found Peter Davison utterly delightful. I adored him as a person"

Despatched by the Master from the top of a radio telescope, the Fourth Doctor passed into *Doctor Who*'s history. As we hurried to belatedly collect Chris' children from school, I asked him about the casting of the new Doctor and the writing of his debut story, *Castrovalva*. "My favourite story about John Nathan-Turner is when we were sitting around thinking up possibilities for the new Doctor. When naming various actors, I suddenly thought, 'Why not?' and named an actress. John said, 'Hang on a moment. You can't have a her – think of his name. He's called the Doctor!' It wasn't a wild gimmick, but that moment of blank silence when I realised he couldn't get his mind around the idea was classic!

"Part of the way *Castrovalva* evolved was because I had no idea who was going to take over. The vagueness in the early episodes was deliberate. I loved the idea of having this brash, overlarge manifestation of the Doctor turning into this fragile little thing that gets carried about in a box, and putting the Doctor in the Zero Cabinet allowed him to form in both the viewers' and my own mind, and perhaps in Peter Davison's mind too. We weren't quite sure until we knew Peter well how it was all going to turn out. In retrospect, the fact that the Doctor wakes up and finds himself in this utterly puzzling world of Castrovalva was not a million miles from the *Doctor Who* series itself, where up is down and down is up and there's no escape! It was probably not conscious, but *Castrovalva* was very much about Peter Davison coming fresh into the show and having to solve the puzzle.

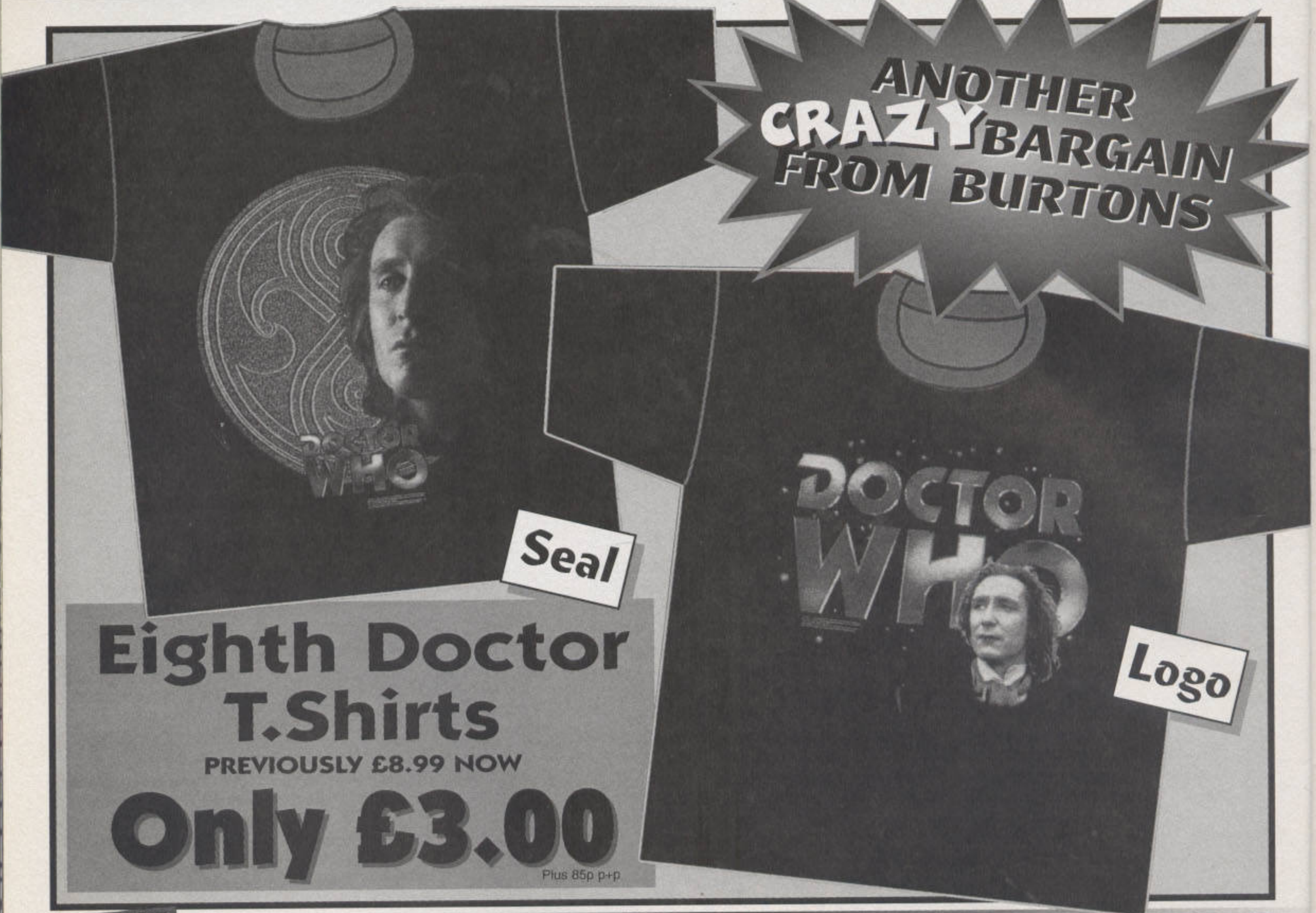
"I think he solved it superbly, by the way. Peter wasn't a Doctor to everyone's taste, but I found him utterly delightful. I adored him as a person, perhaps because of the way he tackled the show. He was interested in the story, in what other characters were doing and how he fitted in. This was a fairly new and novel idea for *Doctor Who*!"

Chris refutes the idea that a new Doctor inevitably requires the character to develop a whole new set of habits and traits. "I have a clear idea that the Doctor is the Doctor. For me there was no sense of thinking up a new set of characteristics. John thought up stuff like the celery and question marks on the collar because other Doctors had sucked lollipops or played flutes, but I found myself utterly uninterested in things like that. That was not the Doctor for me at all. I particularly hated the question marks on the collar. The guy is not called 'Doctor Who'. It seemed to me a complete misunderstanding of the fundamentals of the show. I mean, eating celery? Who cares? But Peter was a big enough guy to say, 'If you want me to chew celery, I'll chew celery . . .'" DWM

To be concluded . . .

BURTONS

THE BIGGEST STOCKIST OF DOCTOR WHO BOOKS IN THE WORLD
OVER 500,000 BOOKS AVAILABLE



ANOTHER CRAZY BARGAIN FROM BURTONS

Seal

Logo

Eighth Doctor T.Shirts

PREVIOUSLY £8.99 NOW

Only £3.00

Plus 85p p+p

WHO ON EARTH IS TOM BAKER?

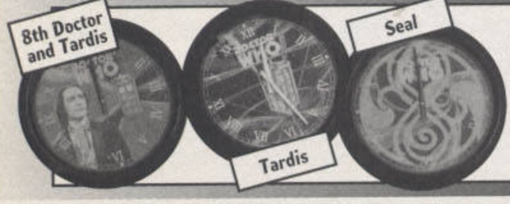
TOM BAKER BIOGRAPHY
£17.99 + £2.50 p+p
also available on audio cassette
£8.99 + 50p p+p

FREE with this book a £5.99 Gold Plated Pendant and thong!

DISAPPEARING TARDIS WATCH
Tardis constantly appears and fades on the face
£27.99 + £1 p+p

KINDA
audio cassette narrated by
Peter Davison
£5.99 + 50p p+p

POSTCARDS (set of 12)
The Tardis in various unusual locations!
£6.50 per set + 75p p+p



GIANT WALL CLOCKS
18" diameter
£49.99 each
+ £2.50 p+p

1998 CALENDAR
35th Anniversary edition
£9.99 each
post free

For a full catalogue of books and other Doctor Who bargains send two first class stamps to the address below or please call into our shop any Thursday, Friday or Saturday 9.30 - 4.30pm

BURTONS 20 Marine Court, Marina, St Leonards, East Sussex TN38 0DX

Tel/Fax 01424 436825

Shelf Lif

Shelf Life
The Doctor gives equal priority to the vampires and Carolyn's love life

with guest reviewer **Jackie Jenkins**!

DOCTOR WHO: ALIEN BODIES

Novel BBC Books **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor and Sam **Author** Lawrence Miles **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40577 5 **Available** 24 November

DOCTOR WHO
ALIEN BODIES
LAWRENCE MILES

In taking up this very temporary residence at *Shelf Life*, I was immediately accused by a friend with selective hearing that I was hooked on fictional narcotics:

"Vraxoin?"

"No," I corrected, "Dave Owen" – and launched once more into the how, why and who of my current situation, which has a back-story so detailed that BBC Books author Lawrence Miles would have been proud.

The complexities of Lawrence's *Alien Bodies* lie not in its plot, but in its characters. Using the frog-eyed, fawning, Peter Lorre-like Qixotl, the author assembles deep in the 21st century rainforests of Borneo an assortment of horrors as diverse as anything ever found at the court of King Peladon.

Unlike similar *Doctor Who* assemblies on Peladon or Kembel, however, this bizarre collection of individuals is not primarily concerned with either galactic domination or the squawking of politics. They are guest bidders, invited to an auction intended to put considerably more than a cracked Time Lord collar and a signed photo of Richard Franklin under the hammer.

Expanded upon is the already expansive Time Lord history, something which seems to be *de rigeur* in most *Doctor Who* fiction – adding a myth here, a legend there to the point where the excesses border on meltdown. It's not that it's poorly executed, it's just that the constant multi-layering of this and other societies wasn't really what the show was about. *Star Trek*, yes, but *Doctor Who* was more freeform. Nevertheless, there is a game to be played here: "Are you a Time Lord or not?" Homunculette definitely is. His companion and TARDIS are one and the same – a crying, talking, sleeping, walking Type 103 called Marie. This is a little kinky (take a look at her hair . . . it's dimensionally transcendental!). She hiccups on materialisation and her chameleon circuit once locked as a sixties policewoman, which is a fair bit kinkier still.

The Shift is less straightforward, communicating via the subconscious. Then there's Trask, one of the undead, with a face so ghastly that it incites vomiting and a smile reminiscent of a grandparent whose false teeth have slipped below gum level.

We're theatrically introduced to Faction Paradox, a cult mixing Gallifreyan technology with voodooism, whose appearance initially evokes images of Lon Chaney's silent, skull-faced Cavalier disguise from the original *Phantom of the Opera* film.

Colonel Kortez and Lieutenant Kathleen Bregman represent an evolved UNIT. And, finally, there's E-Kobalt. Saddled with a name that sounds like that of a complainant to *Points of View*, this late attendee is, intriguingly, both more and less than at first appears.

Lawrence's Doctor, however, is indisputably McGann (no, that's not another brother). A fan of yoghurt and white chocolate mice, he's an engaging mix of naivete and brains. There's also a touch of discontent at his youthful, curly-locked image, which may explain why one of the Faction refers to him as "Time Pussy", a phrase which is surely destined to sit on a new range of T-shirts.

Alien Bodies nourishes itself through constant questioning. It seems to scream out like the overexcited conclusions to *The Two Ronnies*' 'Piggy Malone and Charley Farley' escapades: "Just exactly who is Shift working for?" "Who are the Celestis?" "What is The Relic?" and so forth. Some questions are answered, some teasingly broached and others remain frustratingly unresolved. The style is never less than colourful and with unusual turns of phrase; the individual chapter episodes afforded each character keep the format vivid. There's horror and intrigue – often uncomfortable, sometimes unpleasant – but the author manages to successfully weave in elements of humour without destroying the atmosphere. Particularly memorable are the Doctor's quip about Dalek history and Bregman's *I-Spy Book of Alien Monsters* (the one we all wanted).

The *Alien Bodies* Doctor is an engaging mix of naivete and brains

Hands up who had an *I-Spy Book of Birds*? Nigel had birds; he's the friend I mentioned at the beginning. Chas had dogs. He's another friend, and I shall occasionally return and refer to these two long-term fans.

DOCTOR WHO: THE ROUNDHEADS

Novel BBC Books **Featuring** The Second Doctor, Ben, Polly and Jamie **Author** Mark Gatiss **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40567 8 **Available** 24 November

If I was unlucky enough to be strapped to one of Davros' truth beds, its wiry appendages monitoring the slightest waver of deceit, I would, in answering in the affirmative to the question "Have you read all the *Missing Adventures*?", have fried my companions to bacon.

Despite being a jaded rather than a compulsive follower of the range, I have sampled enough misrepresentation of era to buy a Gareth Roberts without question, but to spend a great deal of time in bookshops flicking through the opening chapters of many others. Nevertheless, I shall make the first of several sweeping statements.

In *The Roundheads*, Mark Gatiss has achieved by far the most successful characterisation of a TARDIS crew. The print lives with them. More remarkable is that at the helm of that crew skips the Second Doctor – a character it is said to be notoriously difficult to capture, with so much conveyed in the actor's diction and expression alone. Secondly, and call me a retro bunny if you like, the adventure – for that is what it is, pure and simple – perfectly retains the spirit of its era. There are no fannish obsessions, no battling with minutiae, no lengthy explanations of why the TARDIS, on regeneration, dressed the Doctor in new clothes and now may be taking in his trousers an inch at a time so as not to upset him. The IMC do not, using Dalek time-travelling facilities, start mining on the banks of the Thames, nor is King Charles on the Internet. There are no extraneous elements whatsoever detracting from the Troughton-ness of it all.

In truth, it's only the then production team's unsubstantiated claim that the historicals were unpopular, thus sealing their fate, which makes *The Roundheads* in any way atypical. It only goes to show we were robbed.

DOCTOR WHO
THE ROUNDHEADS
MARK GATISS

Confirmation that the Doctor, Ben, Polly and Jamie are to experience all the suspicion and conflicts of loyalty present in the London of 1648 is given with the Doctor's delighted cry of "Oh I say . . . Roundheads!" From this, Mark unfolds a saga of secrets, plots and treachery for which history is too dull a word. Oliver Cromwell and Charles I are handled sensitively, as real, with dimensions added to their historical reputations without cliché. Enhanced by the pageantry of Christmas – all snow, manure and hot pies – the author suggests an atmosphere into which the reader almost feels CSOed.

Mark, in recognising both the joy and underwhelming confidence that this Doctor exudes, has amusingly furnished him with *Every Boy's Book of the English Civil Wars*, a device which is not only appealingly in character and dangerous in the wrong hands, but also – because, deep down, we're all a bunch of thick Jamies – is greatly appreciated by the reader.

***The Roundheads* is a novel that could restore faith among the sceptics**

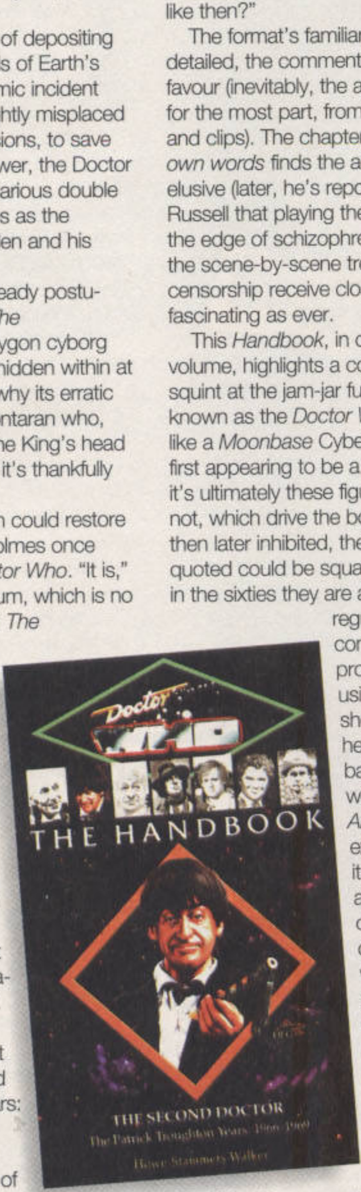
Although the TARDIS has a habit of depositing its occupants in the bloodiest periods of Earth's history, the novel contains much comic incident that works all the more for being slightly misplaced and inappropriate. On several occasions, to save themselves from trouble and the Tower, the Doctor and Jamie contrive an absolutelty hilarious double act in which they reinvent themselves as the fortune-telling McCrimmon of Culloden and his aide.

I'm sure someone out there is already postulating an idea that the Cromwell in *The Roundheads* was no more than a Zygon cyborg with a faulty reconnaissance probe hidden within at shoulder level, no doubt explaining why its erratic transmissions alerted a muddled Sontaran who, confused, mistakenly chopped off the King's head to get at it. At the moment, though, it's thankfully free from all that.

The Roundheads is a novel which could restore faith among the sceptics. Robert Holmes once offered a simple philosophy for *Doctor Who*. "It is," he said, "good, clean, escapist hokum, which is no small thing to be." With this in mind, *The Roundheads* is the best it gets.

DOCTOR WHO: THE HANDBOOK THE SECOND DOCTOR

Non-fiction Virgin Publishing **Authors** David J Howe, Mark Stammers, Stephen James Walker **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 426 20516 2 **Available** 20 November



In the not-so-distant past, when video sounded like sci-fi and audio recordings were a brilliant idea someone else had, pronunciations were what you made of them. Not that recordings in themselves would have solved the problem that blighted Chas', Nigel's and, it would appear, many others' formative years: how exactly do you pronounce 'Patrick Troughton'?

In 1978, Nigel, after much study of Target's first *Monster Book*, decided upon 'Truue-ton'; Chas, the following year, on 'Troff-ton', then 'Traut-tun'. Remarkably, both were later dropped in favour of simply 'Trousers'.

While obviously wrong, this jokey nickname sufficed as a smokescreen to their continuing inability to render the surname correctly. Enlightenment came, as it so often did, through *Blue Peter*. During a late seventies *Doctor Who* feature apparently designed primarily to embarrass Peter Purves into resignation, a spoken checklist of Doctors revealed the truth in all its shape, sound and glory. It was 'Trout-ton'. Like the fish. Unfortunately what editor Biddy Baxter gave with one hand she took with another, and a few years later scripted Simon Groom a 'Kroton'/'crouton' soup gag before we were allowed to make it ourselves.

All this was told to me by the boys at the mere mention of the *Second Doctor Handbook*. After a little fan bonding, I was eventually asked, "Whassit like then?"

The format's familiar, the plot synopses more detailed, the comments that follow lean in the era's favour (inevitably, the authors' judgements derive, for the most part, from memory, sound recordings and clips). The chapter *Patrick Troughton – in his own words* finds the actor to be unassuming but elusive (later, he's reported as telling director Paddy Russell that playing the Doctor had taken him to the edge of schizophrenia). *The Mind Robber* gets the scene-by-scene treatment, foreign sales and censorship receive close examination, and all is as fascinating as ever.

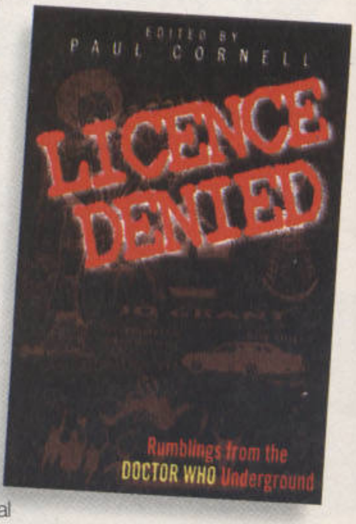
This *Handbook*, in common with the Hartnell volume, highlights a concern for money. It takes a squint at the jam-jar full of pre-decimal coppers known as the *Doctor Who* budget, and finds that, like a *Moonbase* Cyberman, it had no bottom. At first appearing to be a cold collection of costings, it's ultimately these figures, whether intentional or not, which drive the book as they so clearly drove, then later inhibited, the era. Today the overspends quoted could be squandered in a coffee break, but in the sixties they are amazing in their size and regularity. When a producer complains that the building of a prop and its further animation, using the 'stop motion' process, should cost well under the £40 he's quoted, and a location battle is had for £120, one wonders what forced *The Abominable Snowmen*'s expenditure up by £3000 on its original cost! With only five – and by no means the cheapest-looking – stories coming in under budget, it was no surprise to learn that the Head of Serials had launched an investigation into the programme's scenic costs by the close of its fifth season. With the average overspend at £2000, it's amusing to note that no such figure is available for *The War Games*, parhaps saving the production team's blushes.

Visual effects gets a chapter to itself, and is again fuelled by argument and budget. There's designer Ray Cusick issuing the type of pithy comments he's noted for, director Gerry Mill doing a not inconsiderable hatchet job on Shawcraft Models, and a memo from stunned producer Innes Lloyd in which he tries to work out why a dollop of crab-shaped fibreglass in his studio cost the same as a car.

By the end of Troughton's reign, the production office and Visual Effects department are virtually at war in such an entertaining way that one wishes they had turned the cameras on themselves and given us ten episodes of this instead!

LICENCE DENIED: RUMBLINGS FROM THE DOCTOR WHO UNDERGROUND

Non-fiction Virgin Publishing **Editor** Paul Cornell **RRP** £6.99 **ISBN** 0 7535 0104 X **Available** Now



A collection of fan writing was undoubtedly overdue. It was, however, clear to me that trying to represent such a wealth of outpourings in a single book would be about as fruitless as trying to stuff Mestor into a body stocking.

Introducing *Licence Denied*, Paul Cornell admits to its contents as being "a very partial and individual sample." Unfortunately, his opinions read as fact. We're told, with the same Biblical reverence that accompanies "In the beginning there was nothing . . .", of a fanzine called *Purple Haze*. This is 1990, a date from which Paul constructs a landscape, a fan utopia, a love-in, where all is born of, credited to and influenced by the aforementioned 'zine. We are in 'New Fandom'. It'd be interesting to learn how fanzine editors themselves view this reading. It's a fact that both *Matrix* and the new *Skaro* were established before the arrival of *Purple Haze*, and others may wish to point to the fact that producing a 'zine in the *Who*less years post-1989 meant, by necessity, that you cast your net wider. Fandom is surely an evolutionary process, yet Paul clearly wishes it to pay a very particular debt and by it, erect definite divisions between – to use both his phrase and the 'in' political spin – 'Old' and 'New Fandom'.

This collection bothers itself with no more than two per cent of early fandom, included, I feel, with a snigger of smug hindsight; a shame, and distasteful – as history, it's every bit as fascinating as the story of the nineties. The editor, though, has little interest, indicating how silly it all was, doing the programme a great disservice by claiming that its fandom existed only as a means of acquiring pirate videos. Woe betide any mention of the joy of discovering others wishing to debate, laugh and love such underfunded adventure as much as you. Presented more positively is a nineties excuse for all this faffing about with *Doctor Who*: we all want to sleep with each other. Another disservice, I think.

Cornell has, throughout, something of an obsession with trumpeting his utopia as a gay one, framing chapters with so many references that any truth of the matter is lost amongst the absurd and the tenuous. When writing "All *Who* is gay", he appears incredulous that people may disagree, so revises it with "The vast majority of interesting *Who* is gay," which is one of the most presumptuous lines I've ever read. Following his logic through to its inevitable conclusion, I was able to enlighten Chas as to why he has such affection for *Terror of the*

Vervoids, aka *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Nine to Twelve:

"That," I said, "is because you and it are boringly heterosexual." He didn't like that, and I can't say I'm surprised.

There are hugely creative groups of all sexual persuasions at work within fandom – as in all areas of life, it goes without saying. It should also go without distortion and insulting allusions to straight fans pointing out gay fans like Puritans did the witches of Salem. I fear, with such comments, Paul may be doing more harm than good. All is far better and intelligently discussed in Matthew Jones' relevant piece which should, like the majority of the included, be left to speak for itself.

There isn't any order. *Doctor Who* isn't a series of absolutes, and trying to impose them causes confusion. Whilst hotly promoting the idea that the Fourth Doctor and Romana II were lovers, the book gets silly and uptight when the Eighth Doctor's kissing Grace hints at a heterosexual lead character. There are also cliquey sections, referring to individuals who are meaningless on the High Street. And finally, the impression that the editor views *Doctor Who* as an irritating distraction to its fandom – stunting its culture – is at odds with a book packed with involving articles that have more interest in the core subject than the framing introductions would have you believe.

Licence Denied is most successful in finally bringing to wider attention those writers who, like Spangles, everyone should experience once: the brilliance of wonderful wordsmith Tat Wood and the brain-twisting complexity of Thomas Noonan (best attempted over several sittings) to name but two. It demands a second volume, a third and a fourth. But with a variety of editors.

AUTON

Video BBV **Featuring** The Nestene Consciousness **RRP** £15 **Cat No** BBV 16 **Available** Now [mail order only: see **DWM** 256]

Remember the time when a *Doctor Who* video spin-off was rather a naughty thing? A kind of cloak-and-dagger production mounted in basements and backyards on fear of being seen by a larger organisation? You could, in those early *Stranger* episodes, almost sense that not 30 feet away from Colin Baker, that most maverick of Doctors, plodded the Reith Police.

"'Scuse me, sir," I imagine they would ask, "but we 'ave reason to believe that in the vicinity of this 'ere train station, someone is" – there'd be a pause, as if to amplify the audacity of the situation – "attemptin' to make *Doctor Who*. Now I can't say I care for the fellow one way or t'other, but that's the state of play as reported to me." (The poor constable would, of course, be talking to a plant, set up and instructed by producer Bill Baggs to reply to all enquiries in the manner of the *Claws of Axos* tramp.)

This delicate and covert period, where 'Miss Brown' might suggest Perpugilliam, and 'transport' the TARDIS, was coshed on the head when Kevin Davies' *Shakedown* opened up a tin of particularly ugly Sontarans. Since we've now accumulated, through a variety of independent productions, Yetis, Brigadiers, Liz Shaws, Waterfields and now Autons, one wonders how they've gotten away with it after the coyness of the past.

The arrival of *Auton*'s preview copy was closely followed by Chas and Nigel's. "We're here for the plastic lads," they said, and, after disputing beanbag positions, fell silent.

A lengthy pre-credit sequence introduces Dr Sally Arnold who, by subjecting part of the Nestene consciousness to transmissions from UNIT's deep space satellite, kick-starts an inevitable reactivation of it. Before Dr Arnold can mourn the passing of her assistant, played with such wide-eyed expression that death was the only place to take it, her research base is overrun with long-forgotten *Spearhead From Space* dummies and sinister UNIT soldiers.

Scriptwise, writer Nicholas Briggs was at his emphatic best in *The Airzone Solution*. His other screenplays show a delight for the obscure and the cryptic. *Auton*, though, is none of these. It trades heavily on past televised adventures, on what you expect and know. But, unlike the Pertwee stories – particularly *Spearhead*, which drew its effectiveness from indicating a widespread and active invasion – this enclosed drama appears at times little more than a passing incident. Boldly, this production features no actors who can be associated with *Doctor Who*. It does, however, promote the skills of actor Michael Wade. His character, Lockwood, blessed with the X Factor, is so superciliously smug and patronising that he demands your attention.

Briggs also directs the story, the first of the BBV range not to be handled by Baggs, who instead concentrates on the editing and production. Their styles, though, are undeniably similar, especially the occasional lapses where Briggs lingers in longshot on talking but inanimate characters.

"I was on milk duty with an Auton," claimed Nigel at one point. He wasn't. The horror of this schooldays-derived revelation was quickly dismissed. The child was not a servant of the Nestene but merely shared a surname with the well-known playwright, Joe.

With the video being disrupted in this way, it's to the story's credit that it retains moments of tension and intrigue. The production appears to be an economic one; the Autons themselves, as the parent programme understood, are effective in their simplicity. The special and visual effects are sparingly few, most being achieved by standard fades and reverse recording. And while I'm sure they could be tarted up a bit in post-production, BBV avoid the traps of other fan spin-offs who, with moderate resources, attempt cinematic grandeur with indifferent results.

Although not in the first division with *The Airzone Solution*, *The Zero Imperative* and *The Devil of Winterborne*, *Auton* sits quite comfortably in the second.

Dave Owen is unwell

"They're completely unstoppable!"

Writer/director Nick Briggs on *Auton*

Autons – do have any strong feelings about them?

"Yes, I love them. They're one of my strongest memories from childhood. Shop window dummies coming to life – we all remember that sequence in *Spearhead From Space* as being far more spectacular than it actually was! I wanted this feeling of power from these faceless things. And the fact that they're completely unstoppable and they're coming out of the woodwork."

Wasn't the Brigadier supposed to be the star?

"The original brief was to do a short, low-budget drama that involved the Brigadier, Kate and Cavendish to link to [1995 Yeti drama] *Downtime*. And that was duly written over a period of a few months. Shortly before shooting, it transpired that Nick Courtney – the Brigadier – was too under the weather to do it. He's a lot better now. He's very kindly taken me out to lunch to say how sorry he was . . . So at the very last minute I had to completely rewrite the script. It's not a case of all the Brigadier's lines were given to Lockwood or whatever – I just started with the basic idea of the story, the setting and vaguely the basic shape of the story and just re-created it with new characters. It's amazing, this thing about necessity being the mother of invention!"

What aspects of *Auton* are you particularly happy with?

"The character of Winslet, who's the main Auton chap. As originally conceived in the Brigadier script, he never said a word, but the old sci-fi thing of being taken over and acting like a bloody zombie is just so tedious, and I didn't want that. George Telfer, who played Winslet, came up with so many interesting ideas. I met George doing weekly rep, and there you're always looking for extra things to make a scene more out of the ordinary. He came up with the whole thing of the humming – Winslet goes around going 'hm, hm, hm,' all the time, which I developed in the music when he falls apart at the end and starts coughing up all this gunge . . ."

Are we going to see the two promised sequels?

"It's very much up in the air at the moment. It depends on the sales, and it depends on conversations I have with [producers] Keith Barnfather and Bill Baggs. I'd love to do some more. I really like the characters . . ."

Castrovalva

PREVIOUSLY . . .
The Doctor has fallen from the top of the Pharos Project radio telescope. Companions Nyssa, Tegan and Adric run to his side; he assures them that all has been prepared for. The Watcher approaches and merges with the Doctor, whose features begin to change. "He was the Doctor all the time," says Nyssa. The face becomes that of a younger man . . .

The newly regenerated Doctor (Peter Davison)

PART ONE

The Doctor and his companions hurry back to the TARDIS, but the Doctor collapses and the group are captured by security guards who summon an ambulance. By subterfuge, the companions use the ambulance to reach the TARDIS, but Adric is caught. The Master's TARDIS appears briefly and stuns the guards, but vanishes leaving a dazed Adric behind.

Adric joins the others in the TARDIS, where the Doctor is acting strangely. While Tegan and Nyssa remain in the console room, Adric goes with the Doctor into the ship to search for the Zero Room. The Doctor soon realises that his regeneration is failing, but Adric deserts him. The girls find the TARDIS databank which tells them that their destination is 'Event One'; they set off to find the Doctor.

The Doctor – who has now changed into period cricketing garb – encounters Nyssa and Tegan, who help him to the Zero Room, a large chamber which isolates the Doctor and allows him to rest while he stabilises. While the Doctor sleeps, the girls see a vision of Adric in a metal web; he tells them that an image of him has set a trap in sending them to Event One. Adric is in fact a captive of the Master.

Nyssa returns to the console room as the temperature within the ship rises; it is soon clear to her and Tegan that Event One is the original inrush of hydrogen which created the universe. The TARDIS will be destroyed in the biggest explosion in history. The Master appears on the TARDIS scanner, chuckling: "Farewell, my friends. Farewell for ever . . ."

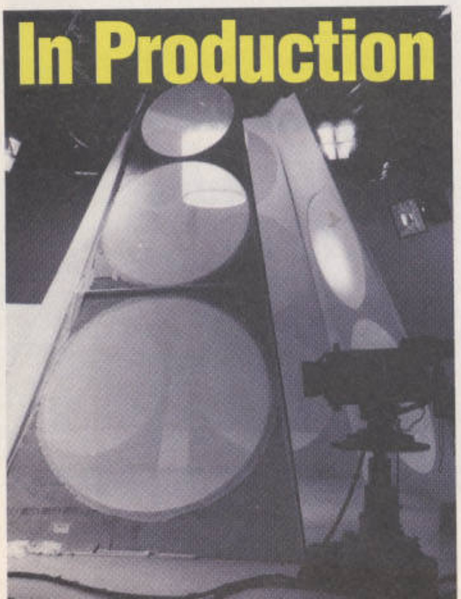
PART TWO

The rising heat has aided the Doctor's recovery, and after leaving the Zero Room he makes his way to the console room in a motorised wheelchair. While Nyssa is instructed to vent the thermo-buffer, the Doctor tells Tegan to use the architectural configuration circuit to jettison a quarter of the TARDIS and so create thrust to escape the pull of Event One. The girls comply with the Doctor's instructions; the Master has been watching the apparent destruction of the TARDIS via Adric and is appalled to see the craft survive.

Nyssa takes the Doctor back to the Zero Room, only to find it has been jettisoned; the Doctor

A member of the hunting party in the town square

In Production


BBC Video [4]

During the summer of 1980, *Doctor Who*'s producer John Nathan-Turner and script editor Christopher Bidmead began to prepare the conclusion of Season Eighteen and its bridging into Season Nineteen, planning a trilogy which might also cover a change of lead actor. The first serial was Johnny Byrne's *The Keeper of Traken*, followed by *Logopolis* to be written by Bidmead himself. The final story was planned as *Project '4G'*, a breakdown of which was commissioned on Friday 15 August from John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch, the writers of *Meglos*, a story which had just ended production.

Like the comments on science and religion in *Meglos*, Flanagan and McCulloch used the new serial as a parable. This time their subject was nuclear disarmament, a topic on which they had very strong feelings. Although the setting was a futuristic alien galaxy, the two super-planets engaged in an escalating arms race were thinly-disguised versions of the USA and USSR; the thriller's objective was to show how a new threat to both sides could force bilateral disarmament.

Around August, it was decided to use the resurrected Master in the trilogy; Flanagan and McCulloch were asked to amend their chief villain, making him the Doctor's Time Lord arch-enemy. A further new character was Nyssa, created for Byrne's script but retained to ease the transition between the Fourth and Fifth Doctors. Flanagan and McCulloch were commissioned to write the four scripts comprising what was now to be the first story of the Fifth Doctor – *Project Zeta-Sigma* – on Tuesday 7 October.

As the draft scripts arrived, Nathan-Turner and Bidmead encountered immediate problems with early scenes set in a spaceship and spaceport

In which the TARDIS journeys from rural Cambridgeshire to a land of fiction, stopping off to take in the Big Bang itself . . .

Andrew Pixley documents the behind-the-scenes story of the Fifth Doctor's debut.

instructs her to build a cabinet out of the Zero Room's doors inside which he can stabilise. The girls have consulted the databank and learned of Castrovalva, Dwellings of Simplicity found in the Andromedan Phylox Series which are ideal for the Doctor's recuperation. Tegan effects a rough landing in the woods of the green planet, and the two girls carry the Doctor inside his cabinet towards the distant cliff-top settlement. Deciding to fetch help, the girls leave the cabinet in the undergrowth and start to climb; they are unaware that strange warriors watch over them. Admitting defeat, they return to the cabinet to find a trace of blood. Nyssa looks inside the open cabinet: "He's gone! The Doctor's gone . . ."

PART THREE

The Doctor has set off up the cliff path alone, following the trail of blood from a hunting party who discover him as they are about to enter the town. The Doctor cannot remember who he is, and believes that he has come to Castrovalva to find the Doctor. In the main square, the Doctor finds the Castrovalvans to be kind and hospitable people, bar the sinister librarian Shardovan. 'The Visitor' is given a room and tended to by Mergrave, a doctor of physic; as he falls into sleep the Doctor is visited by the elderly town dignitary, the Portreeve, who clearly knows the Doctor's true identity. Nyssa and Tegan attempt to scale the walls of the town, and are greeted by Mergrave who also gives them night quarters. That night, Adric appears in the Doctor's room; the boy also appears to Nyssa the following morning to warn her about the Master.

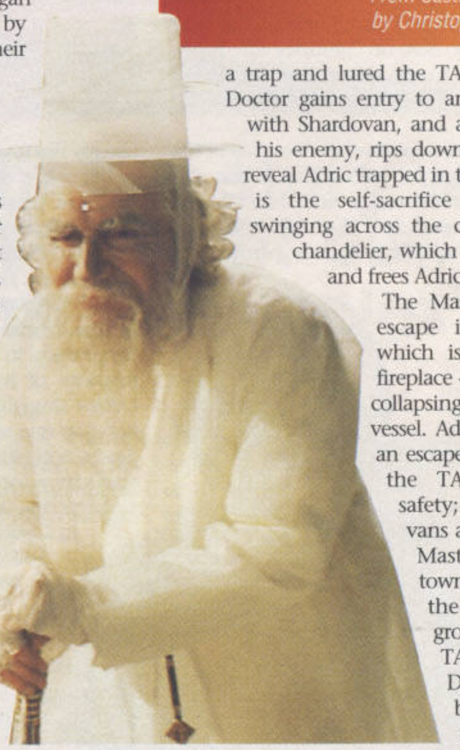
After breakfast, the Doctor talks with the Portreeve in his chamber and is shown a tapestry which is the source of the old man's knowledge; important events create images on it. The Doctor has forgotten that he ever had a third companion, but is reminded of Adric by a Castrovalvan girl. He hurries to find Tegan and Nyssa, who are reading the history of Castrovalva. Deciding that they must leave the town at once, the Doctor leads the girls across the square and down several flights of stairs, arriving on a balcony overlooking the square. They repeat the process, always arriving back at the square. Aware that the town is folding in on itself because of a spatial disturbance, the Doctor makes for the Zero Cabinet in his room. But the cabinet has gone, and the view of Castrovalva from the window is one of geometrical chaos: "Recursive Occlusion. Someone's manipulating Castrovalva. We're caught in a Space/Time trap!"

PART FOUR

While the Doctor uses a mirror to keep the Occlusion out of the room, Nyssa and Tegan find the Zero Cabinet being used by the Castrovalvan women for their washing. Visited by Mergrave, the Doctor questions the physician about his knowledge of Castrovalva's geography and learns about the impossible architecture of the town. When the girls return with the cabinet, the Doctor says he believes that the ancient history of Castrovalva is faked. Suspicious of Shardovan, he asks to be taken to the Portreeve in the Zero Cabinet.

A procession led by Tegan and Nyssa takes the cabinet to the Portreeve's house – in fact, the cabinet contains only books, and the Doctor has gone to confront Shardovan. The history is a fake; the ancient volumes chronicle up to the present day. At the Portreeve's, the elderly official reveals that he is the Master, and sets about trying to open the Zero Cabinet; he has created Castrovalva and its inhabitants as a trap and lured the TARDIS there. The Doctor gains entry to an upper balcony with Shardovan, and after confronting his enemy, rips down the tapestry to reveal Adric trapped in the power web. It is the self-sacrifice of Shardovan, swinging across the chamber on the chandelier, which shatters the web and frees Adric.

The Master attempts to escape in his TARDIS, which is disguised as a fireplace – but the rapidly collapsing town traps his vessel. Adric is able to see an escape route and leads the TARDIS crew to safety; the Castrovalvans attack the fleeing Master just as the town vanishes from the clifftop. The group returns to the TARDIS, where the Doctor claims to be himself once more.



"I shall need you all . . ."

The unstable Doctor has reached the Zero Room with Nyssa and Tegan. He levitates into a position where he falls into a deep sleep, but his voice is still heard . . .

DOCTOR We only just made it to the Zero Room in time. This regeneration is going to be difficult, and I shall need you all, every one of you. You, Tegan. You have it in you to be a fine Co-ordinator, keeping us all together during the Healing Time. Nyssa of course, has the technical skill and understanding. All the information you need is in the TARDIS Data Bank . . . I'm sure you can find your way to it.

TEGAN We already have, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*his voice receding further*) Good, good, of course you have . . . And Adric. Adric, with his badge for Mathematical Excellence . . . Adric is the Navigator. He knows the way, he knows me, my old self. Adric, you must help me heal the disconnection. Your role is very crucial . . .

From Castrovalva *Part One by Christopher H Bidmead*

which required the Doctor and his companions to be surrounded by invisible and intangible people. The problem was how to represent this on the screen (short of, as Nathan-Turner remarked, a sub-title reading "The room is full of invisible people"). Discussions were had concerning how this might be achieved by intercutting of shots, or by showing the audience what the Doctor's party could not see.

> **"Escher's prints don't make a logical sense"**
>
> ………………………… **Fiona Cumming**

Development on the script continued into the New Year, the plan being that it would be recorded and broadcast first in Season Nineteen, followed by *Day of Wrath* (latterly *Four to Doomsday*) which had been commissioned from Terence Dudley late in December 1980, just as Bidmead was leaving the series. Bidmead's replacement, Antony Root (who had previously helped Bidmead with assessing scripts) continued to assist the writers as the character of the new Doctor, now cast as Peter Davison, was defined. In early 1981, all the writers were briefed on the Fifth Doctor's love of cricket, as a result of which Flanagan and McCulloch inserted cricketing gags ("How's that?", for example) into their scripts, and also a long scene where Tegan's mention of cricket (with reference to the Doctor's outfit) leads to confusion; Adric believes 'cricket' to be an Earth insect (this in turn led to dialogue in which the Doctor makes an increasingly absurd attempt to explain the rules of the game). Even as the writers were developing this scene, they were telephoned and told to drop the cricket references. As discussions between Davison and the production team continued, Flanagan and McCulloch were asked to reinstate the cricketing material and at one point were told that the new Doctor was to wear a morning suit with collapsible topper.

It seems that *Project Zeta-Sigma* was dropped in February 1981, possibly while Nathan-Turner was on holiday in America. It has also been suggested that at one point the serial was to be recorded second (in March 1981, Anthony Ainley was planning to record a *Doctor Who* story in May/June of that year, which would indicate this slot). This was a decision that Nathan-Turner approved of, allowing Davison to settle into his role first and then go back to record his debut later on.

By early spring, changes had been announced to *Doctor Who*'s transmission beginning with Season Nineteen. Season Eighteen had fared very badly in its Saturday evening slot against the glossy American SF adventure show *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*. This, in conjunction with the fact that the BBC were studying early evening weekday viewing patterns with a view to launching a new soap opera (eventually *EastEnders*), meant that *Doctor Who* was a prime candidate for study when broadcast twice a week. Because of this, 26 episodes would be broadcast over 13 weeks between January and March 1982 (revealed by *The Sun* on Saturday 27 June), pushing back the season debut from September 1981 – hence the debut serial could be recorded later in the year.

STORYLINE PROJECT ZETA-SIGMA

In an alien galaxy, two super-planets are engaged in arms escalation when one side creates an ultimate defence shield around their world which nothing can penetrate. The TARDIS manages to get through to some extent, leaving the crew invisible and intangible to their surroundings. A peace conference between the two sides has been organised, attended by both Hawks and Doves. A Dove speaker says that now they have the defence shield they can force the other world to disarm, and also to withdraw from a smaller world which the Hawks have annexed. The Hawks refute this and plan a final attack; they are playing for time since their reason for invading the smaller world was to mine a vital ingredient for their latest weapon – a coating which will allow a missile to be fired into the sun, start a chemical reaction and burn out the solar system. The Hawks' chief scientist, Sergo, is a maniac who wishes to use the deterrent to force power away from the politicians and into the hands of the rational scientists (in later versions of the script, this character became the Master, plotting to dominate the solar system). The missile is fired, and the Doctor suggests that both sides must fire all their weapons at it to stop it reaching the sun; all warheads are deployed but the missile is too close to the sun and they melt before reaching their target. At the start of the final episode, Sergo/the Master escapes as the Doctor's party manage to enter his control room; the Doctor attempts to activate the missile's fail-safe and put it into orbit around the sun, but bungles his plan. The missile enters the sun . . . and emerges through the other side, as the Doctor knew it would. The missile is too resistant, and the Doctor exploited the situation to melt the stockpiles of Hawks and Doves and end the conflict. One of the Doctor's companions comments that the Doctor knew the outcome all along, to which the Doctor smiles. "That's a very disarming smile, Doctor!" comments his companion.

BBC Video [5]

Project Zeta-Sigma remained on the shelf at the BBC, fully paid for, for some time. It was also referred to by its writers under other titles (*Incident on Zeta Minor*; *Project: Zeta Plus*; *Zeta Plus One*). Around September 1981, it was planned to occupy the final slot of Season Nineteen, but the scripts were abandoned shortly afterwards in favour of *Xeraphin* (latterly known as *Time-Flight*).

As a replacement, Root and Nathan-Turner turned to Bidmead to develop a four-part story at short notice. The storyline was commissioned on Monday 9 March as *The Visitor* – the title ascribed to the Doctor when he arrives at a remote community in post-regenerative trauma with no memory of his identity. The concept of the Doctor struggling through an unstable regeneration was one which Bidmead inherited from the production office as a specific request to make the character a focus of interest due to his vulnerability (the implication being that the entropy in *Logopolis* had affected his regeneration).

Following on from *Logopolis*, Bidmead was keen to continue his exploration of the TARDIS and its properties, and was fascinated by certain concepts of reality and illusions. He based many of Shardovan's scripted notions on his own childhood thoughts of existence and the awareness of truth in an environment which was actually fictional. Inheriting the Master as his villain, Bidmead placed him at the centre of a spider's web as a trap, using the web in which Adric was held as a frightening science fiction image.

Disembarking a skew-whiff TARDIS

The notion of illusion tied in with two prints that had been hung on the office walls of Graeme McDonald, Head of Serials; during meetings in this office, Nathan-Turner had found the pictures distracting. Both were optical illusions by MC Escher; one, *Klimmen en dalen*, showed a staircase which went upwards eternally yet looped around. Confiding his feelings to Bidmead, he now found they formed the basis to the replacement story.

Tegan (Janet Fielding) and Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) help the Doctor find solace in the Zero Room

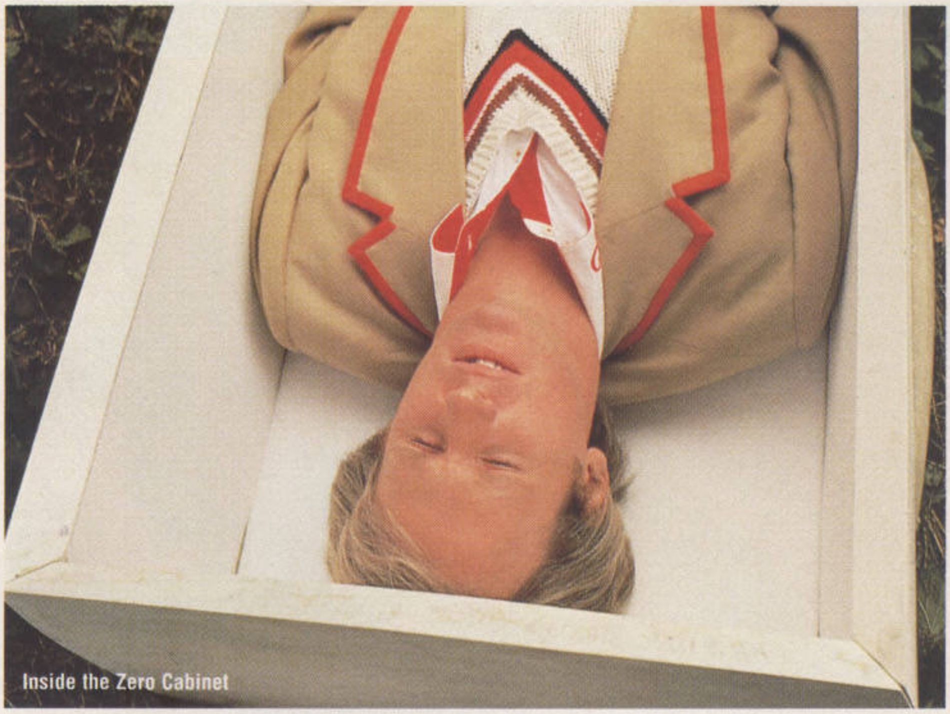
The storyline for *The Visitor* was delivered on Wednesday 1 April, and on Wednesday 8 Nathan-Turner commissioned four scripts from Bidmead under the title *Castrovalva* (at this point Nathan-Turner was acting as script editor, bridging the gap between the end of Root's secondment and the start of Eric Saward's initial three-month stint, which began in mid-April).

Bidmead delivered the scripts on Monday 1 June; they were accepted on Monday 13 July, and bore a few differences from the broadcast version. The serial opened in the Pharos Enclosure, continuing directly on from *Logopolis*. Originally, there were only three security guards at the Pharos Enclosure, one of them speaking; this character later became the Head of Security. In the TARDIS, the Doctor would have found a white umpire's coat on a hatstand ("very like the one in the console room") which would lead him to a room with "a cricket pavilion interior: a few white sweaters on a line of brass hooks that hang over a section of bench, on which we notice a single cricket pad and a cricket ball". Emerging from this, the Doctor "has changed into a pair of striped trousers and a V-neck sweater. Over his arm he carries a coat" (by this time, Davison's costume had been decided on and unveiled at a mid-April photocall; the celery stalk he wore on his lapel was incorporated into the Castrovalva scenes). The Zero Room of the TARDIS was described as a "vast, pinkish-grey emptiness, bathed in a warm light reminiscent of a late summer afternoon. The walls are indented with the familiar TARDIS roundels – but they are huge, forming curved shelves big enough to climb onto."

In keeping with *Logopolis*, Bidmead envisaged the Master's TARDIS ("still in its Corinthian Column Configuration") as being very similar to the Doctor's: "At first we assume we are still in the Doctor's TARDIS, as we begin close on the Master's viewing screen . . . But we hear a familiar chuckle and the shot widens to take in the Master . . ." The script indicated that the Master used his control console – referred to in stage directions as the "time column" or "time rota" [sic] – to operate Adric's trap, which was "A kind of electronic spider's web of glittering little wires that criss-cross through his now inert body." When Adric appears in the Zero Room the script indicated he was "spread-eagled like the Vitruvian Man . . . struggling weakly for life, as though caught in a web." A line about the Master using voltage on Adric was removed on recording, and the script for Part Two referred to portable steps rolling automatically forward to allow the Master to peer into Adric's face.

At the end of Part One, as the TARDIS jolts, the Doctor is knocked out when a door swings open and catches him on the head. In Part Two, a lurch causes a medical trolley with a medical box perched precariously atop it to roll down the corridor; the box falls on the Doctor's head and the Doctor uses its spilled contents to treat his cut forehead before it rolls away again.

Due to changes to Nyssa's costume in *Four to Doomsday*, Bidmead's script indicated her move from skirt to trousers for the film sequences (as filmed, Nyssa would also leave her fur jerkin on the wheelchair and lose her crown on a tree). The sequence in which the wheelchair is lost was different: with the Doctor not levitating inside the Zero Cabinet (also referred to as the Zero Capsule) which lays upon it, the chair becomes hard to control and it runs off down a slope. The girls catch it and grab the Zero Cabinet, but the chair spins round from underneath it and crashes into the stream; Nyssa runs into the water after it. There was also a short sequence showing Tegan lying on her stomach, drinking from the stream. This was removed to avoid having younger viewers imitate her.



Inside the Zero Cabinet

"i thought the story was quite well thought out, but immensely complex"

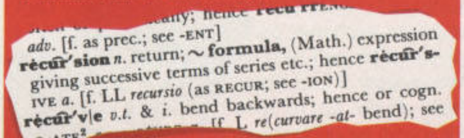
Peter Davison

The first sight of Castrovalva was described thus: "white rocks rise up to a summit fringed with walls and turrets fluttering with coloured flags". At the centre of the 'village' was "A wide square fringed by shadowy buildings. By the fountain in the centre of the square . . . The Doctor is led to the fountain by Mergrave and Ruther, who seat him on the circular bench that runs round it." Later Bidmead noted that "In the warm morning light the village square has an atmosphere of openness and simplicity; though not of uniformity, for the buildings are a fascinating mixture of styles, with the eye forever being lead into friendly courtyards and alleys, through Roman arches and up flights of steps". At the climax of Part Three, Bidmead described the Doctor's point of view as "the whole of Castrovalva, square, walks, archways, steps as a jigsaw puzzle of pieces concertinaed into itself, the Castrovalvans moving in their separate and various dimensions as in an Escher print".

Ruther and his warrior were "two humanoid forms, gaudily dressed in what looks like elaborate war attire, with tall masks that give them a fearsome appearance" while Mergrave was "similarly dressed to Ruther and the other warriors . . . except that his mask is considerably taller, and is decorated with a crown of brightly coloured feathers." Shardovan was "a tall, slim distinguished gentleman in dark, plain suiting. His appearance is a startling contrast to the tribalism of those around him, whose ferocity is now emphasised by the light of the flickering flames." When his hunting garb is removed, Mergrave is shown to be "a jovial, balding gentleman" while Ruther has "the mildly myopic expression of a man who might be a bank clerk." The Master's disguise as the Portreeve (a name for a magistrate) was to be that of a man who is "is bent-backed and walks with a stick, but as much of his complexion as can be seen above his handsome

SCRIPTING MATHEMATICS

One of the notions used by Bidmead in his scripts was that of recursion, which in mathematics is a formula in which a term in a sequence can be computed from one or more of the preceding terms in that sequence; the concept of recursive functions was proposed by the Austrian born American logician and mathematician Kurt Godel in 1934.



ally; hence **recu**

adv. [f. as prec.; see -ENT]

rėcŭr'sion *n.* return; ~ **formula,** (Math.) expression giving successive terms of series etc.; hence **rėcŭr'sive** *a.* [f. LL *recursio* (as RECUR; see -ION)]

rėcŭr'v|e *v.t.* & *i.* bend backwards; hence or cogn. ~ATE² [f. L *re(curvare -at-* bend); see

Nyssa's references to recursion referred to recursive procedures, a computing concept concerning coding procedures that could invoke themselves (looking up Index File in an Index File, for instance).

SCRIPTING MC ESCHER

Maurits Cornelis Escher was born in Leeuwarden in Holland in 1898 and always displayed a great aptitude for graphics, studying in Italy in the twenties and working in Switzerland and Belgium before returning to Baarn in Holland in 1941. His early work – generally woodcuts and lithographs – studied pure graphical design and his urge to realise his inner visions. His later work tended to show more of a trend towards architecture (inspired by his time in Italy) and saw more of a development in his use of art perspective to create the impossible. The first idea taken from a Escher print by Bidmead was *Castrovalva* itself, a February 1930 lithograph showing a collections of buildings high on a mountainside in the Abruzzi mountains (after a visit there in April 1928, Escher had planned an illustrated book on the area). The confused spatial geometry of the town was inspired by six principal lithographs: *Boven en ander* ('High and low', 1947) showing two different views of the same building merging together; *Trappenhuis* ('House of stairs', 1951) which mirrors a set of staircases to eliminate ascension and descension; *Relativiteit* ('Relativity', July 1953) in which stairs at three earth-planes intersect (Escher suggesting that the three sets of people living in each plane are oblivious of each other's existence); *Belvedere* (May 1958) which depicts an impossibly constructed building where front and rear dimensions have crossed (this incorporates a small wood engraving also from 1958 of a man with an impossible cuboid); *Klimmen en dalen* ('Ascending and descending', March 1960) which shows an endless rectangular staircase on which people ascend and descend side by side; *Waterval* ('Waterfall', October 1961) in which an impossible channel of water flows down from a waterfall and then downwards back to the top of the same waterfall. The concept of recursion was also shown in *Tekenen* ('Drawing hands', 1948), a lithograph which showed two hands, drawn on paper, both emerging from the plane and drawing the cuffs of the other hand (Bidmead later referred to this in his novelisation of *Castrovalva*). Escher died in 1972.

full white beard is ruddy. He appears very healthy for his advanced years".

Originally, in the Doctor/Master confrontation, Shardovan would notice a beam running across the Portreeve's chamber from the minstrel gallery to the tapestry wall; he walks along the beam and dives from this into the tapestry, and hence the web. Bidmead described the Doctor and friends' escape from the collapsing Castrovalva thus: "As they turn to mount the steps, the camera tilts with them, and we watch them running vertically up our frame. Soon they have passed the vertical, and are now upside down, running along the underside of the steps. On the upper side of the steps, a gaggle of Castrovalvan women run past."

Continuity references included: Adric's mention of his origins in E-Space and how he operated the TARDIS (in *Full Circle*); Nyssa's references to both Traken and bio-electronics (her ion bonder made its final appearance, too); Tegan's recollection of her entrance to the TARDIS in *Logopolis* (there were numerous other references to this serial, such as the Cloister Bell and the architectural configuration circuit). The newly-regenerated Doctor discussed the departure of Romana (in *Warriors' Gate*), recalled his ripped waistcoat (*Full Circle*), made references to the Brigadier, the Ice Warriors, Vicky [sic] and K9, and mentioned Daleks and Ogrons in Part Three.

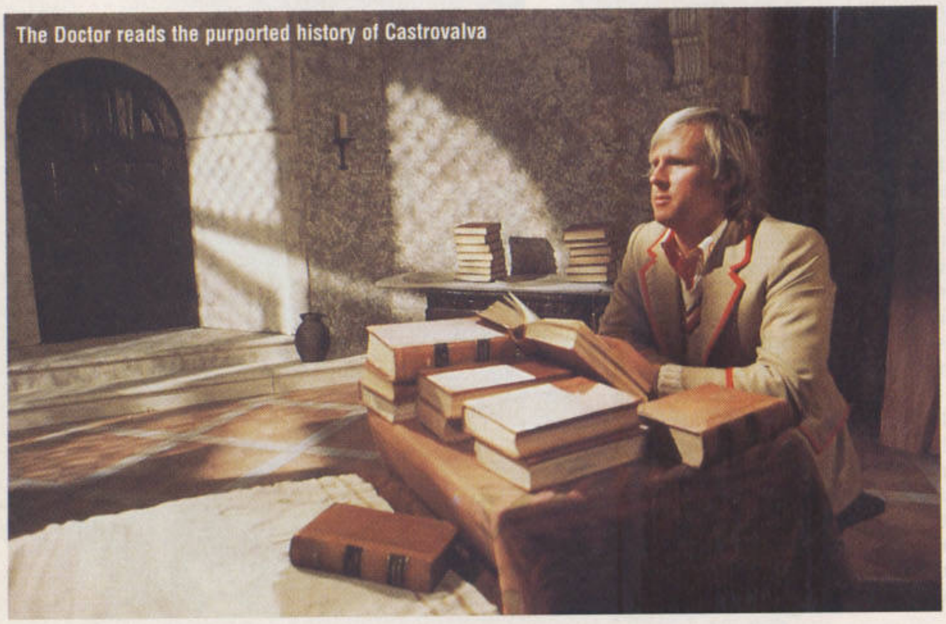
There were a number of changes made to the scripts. Nathan-Turner asked for the number of scenes involving the captured Adric to be increased, thus keeping the audience aware of his presence – and on Monday 27 July, David Reid (the new Head of Serials) remarked both that he found Part Three's climax unclear, and asked that Part One began with a suitable recap. Around this time it was officially agreed between Nathan-Turner, Reid and executive producer Barry Letts that Letts' supervisory involvement could cease.

Nathan-Turner contracted Fiona Cumming (whose sensitive work he had noted on *Blake's 7*) to direct *Castrovalva* in mid-1981; Cumming viewed *Logopolis* several times to better achieve continuity with the earlier serial. Set designer Janet Budden had worked on *Full Circle*; make-up designer Marion Richards had worked on early Jon Pertwee serials such as *Doctor Who and the Silurians*; costume designer Odile Dicks-Mireaux had worked on *The Visitation*; and *Castrovalva* was the only *Doctor Who* serial with Simon McDonald in charge of visual effects.

Filming for the serial began on Tuesday 1 September; the regular cast – Peter Davison, Sarah Sutton, Matthew Waterhouse and Janet Fielding – had finished recording *Kinda* on Thursday 13 August (Davison had appeared in costume alongside comedienne Pamela Stephenson on Wednesday 19 August to promote new BBC shows). Shooting on 16mm film began at Crowborough Wireless and Telegraphy Station off the B2026 at Duddleswell in East Sussex, which stood in for the Pharos Enclosure due to its radio masts and huts. Continuity to *Logopolis* was thus restricted by the different location (travelling logistics had ruled out a re-use of Caversham); the TARDIS was in a different place, and the ambulance was from 'East Sussex' when it had been established that the Pharos Project was in Cambridge. Bar Davison, the regulars retained their *Logopolis* costumes; in these scenes Davison wore Tom Baker's outfit, but with shoes rather than the boots seen in *Logopolis*. Because the team had now been working together for some months, Cumming had to tone down the on-screen rapport between the characters, particularly Nyssa and Tegan, who in chronological terms had only just met. The cast were joined by Dallas Cavell, who performed all his scenes as the security chief on film; Cavell had previously appeared as a Road Works Overseer in *The Reign of Terror*, Bors in *The Daleks' Master Plan*, Trask in *The Highlanders* and Quinlan in *The Ambassadors of Death*.

Nyssa takes desperate measures when things hot up in the TARDIS

The remaining filming was mounted at the estate of Lord De La Warr, who allowed the crew access in exchange for a charity donation and a photo of himself next to the TARDIS. Filming on Wednesday 2 and Thursday 3 was at Buckhurst Park, off the B2110 at Withyham in East Sussex, for scenes set upon the world of Castrovalva itself. Various problems were encountered when the Zero Cabinet proved to be rather heavier to carry than expected. Not being partial to heights, Fielding was concerned about the sequences which required Tegan to be standing on a tree branch in Part Two, meaning that Cumming had to frame and edit the shot carefully to make the



The Doctor reads the purported history of Castrovalva

BBC Video [5]

actress appear to be higher than she actually was. Sutton's tumble into the river following the wheelchair was scheduled as a single shot at 5pm, the end of a filming day, thus allowing the actress to return to the warmth of the hotel. The concluding film sequence was shot early one morning; then, Waterhouse's festivities of the previous night caught up with him, and he vomited over a tree.

In Bidmead's script, the Doctor would ask Tegan "Do you mind if I drive?" at the end of Part Four, adding "Let's go" after his final line; Bidmead described the TARDIS departing with its "familiar chuffing sound". Dialogue was added just prior to shooting to clarify that the information in the TARDIS databank was a projection, and that the Master had left nothing to chance by having Adric programme the ship for Castrovalva.

Filming concluded on Friday 4 at Harrison's Rocks, a climbing area near Grimsbridge in Sussex (the same venue had been used in 1968's *The Mind Robber*). This rocky outcrop was seen in the sequences in Parts Two and Three where various different parties make their way up the cliffs to Castrovalva; a dark filter was used on the camera to give the illusion of eventide for scenes in Part Three. Again, due to Fielding's anxiety over heights, Cumming created the illusion of height when the cast were actually not far off the ground. The TARDIS landing site was at nearby Birchden Wood, and scenes featuring the Castrovalvan warriors were filmed at Nytton's Wood. Freelance effects house Imagineering provided the specially-made Castrovalvan hunting helmets for Ruther and his men. Model shots showing the town of Castrovalva were arranged for Parts Two and Three, with a shot of the empty rocks for the end of Part Four.

Rehearsals for studio began on Saturday 5 September with the regular cast only; both Nathan-Turner and Davison were keen to include many references to past characters and noted phrases from the show – hence references to Jamie, Jo and the lines "Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow" (a term popularised by Jon Pertwee as an amalgam of Third Doctor technobabble) and "When I say run, run" (a phrase associated with the Second Doctor). The script did not specify that the new Doctor should adopt the mannerisms of his predecessors (clutching his lapels *pace* the First Doctor, for example). Scenes with Adric were also amended; originally, the boy would support the slow-moving Doctor in the corridors. Material in which the Doctor finds a Second Doctor-style recorder was ad-libbed close to recording. Part Two was found to under-run and a number of scenes were extended (Nyssa and the Doctor's conversation on the way back to the Zero Room, for example, and his doubt that Tegan is in control).

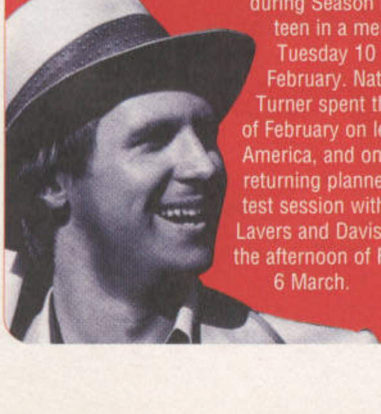
> "I was feeling my way into the part . . ."
>
> **Peter Davison**

Studio recording began in TC3 on Tuesday 15 and Wednesday 16 September. The first evening session concentrated on the Part One scenes in the TARDIS Console Room for Part One. The presence of Tegan's bag on the console again clashed with *Logopolis*, and Nyssa's dialogue contradicted the now established practice of using the main red switch to operate the door. Eight pages of computer-generated Ceefax text were fed to a small monitor mounted in the TARDIS console which acted as the TARDIS Information System. These screens incorporated elements of Bidmead's dialogue on several pages (Standard Flight Procedures Stage 387, for example); the control panel had nine keys, A to I (which allowed 'IF' for Index File but unfortunately not the late addition of 'DS' for Destination Setting). As the

The Doctor and allies formulate a plan

CHARACTER THE FIFTH DOCTOR

Among Nathan-Turner's primary requirements in developing the Fifth Doctor's character were that he should be heroic and youthful but vulnerable, thus appealing to a younger audience and contrasting with Tom Baker's Doctor. Discussions concerning the character's new image had gone on since Peter Davison's casting in October 1980; the cricketing motif stemmed from a photograph of Davison in cricketing whites which was pinned up on Nathan-Turner's office wall (the shot was taken at a charity cricket match during production of *All Creatures Great and Small*). Costume designer Colin Lavers, originally assigned to *Project Zeta-Sigma*, was informed of the plans for the period cricket outfit (including coat and hat) and the retention of the question-mark collar worn by Baker during Season Eighteen in a memo on Tuesday 10 February. Nathan-Turner spent the end of February on leave in America, and on returning planned a test session with Lavers and Davison on the afternoon of Friday 6 March.



TARDIS hurtled towards Event One, a smoke box image was superimposed over the action, and the camera was rocked to simulate turbulence.

Afternoon taping on Wednesday 16 continued with the Console Room scenes, with Davison in cricketing gear and half-moon spectacles; after the landing sequence, the camera was tilted to indicate the incline the ship stood on. After this, several scenes set in the "Zero Area" of the TARDIS Corridors and the Zero Room itself for Part One were recorded. The Doctor appeared to float by means of CSO; recording breaks allowed Davison to be positioned on the CSO set. The first two scenes in the Zero Area for Part Two came next, followed by the wheelchair scene in the Long Corridor, and then the remaining Zero Area scenes with the doors being removed.

In the evening, Davison donned Baker's costume for the scenes in the corridors for Parts One leading up to the discovery of the cricket room. It was hoped that while Davison was changing, two shots of the TARDIS model on a green background CSOed over a telejector star caption could be recorded for Parts One and Two, but these were abandoned. Instead, recording continued with scenes in the Long Corridor and showing Nyssa reducing the temperature (the heating control was housed behind a roundel and changed colour as indicated in the script). It had then been planned to record various zoom in/zoom out shots of three more sets of starfields to show the TARDIS heading into Event One, along with other shots of the TARDIS in space (sequences originally planned for film), but these too were abandoned.

> "Peter was a splendid Doctor who went from strength to strength"
>
> ………………………………… John Nathan-Turner

Rehearsals restarted on Friday 18 September and the cast were now joined by Ainley and guest stars Derek Waring (Shardovan), Frank Wylie (Ruther) and Michael Sheard (Mergrave). Waring had appeared in films such as *Dunkirk* and starred in the TV series *Moody and Pegg*. Comedy performer Wylie was best known for his role in *Take The High Road*, while Sheard had appeared in several previous *Doctor Who* serials.

In the script, Mergrave was to chalk his map of Castrovalva on the floor but this was changed to be the back of a mirror. The scripted description of the Master lifting the Zero Cabinet "high above his head" was removed and Shardovan's swinging upon the chandelier inserted.

The second studio block ran between Tuesday 29 September and Thursday 1 October in TC6. Recording on the first evening began with the scenes in the Doctor's Rest Room and the corridor outside in Parts Three and Four. Ainley appeared in his uncomfortable latex Portreeve make-up this evening. For the scene in which Adric speaks to Nyssa, Sutton was placed by CSO over a reflection of Waterhouse, and a spark generator image was then superimposed as the youth vanished. During breaks in recording where the map drawn by Mergrave was prepared, some of the model shots of the TARDIS for Parts One and Two were remounted. Recording continued with the scene in the Girls' Rest Room for Part Three; during camera rehearsals, Patrick Troughton, who was visiting the studio, stood in for Davison and delivered the Doctor's lines as he entered the set.

Recording on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday 30 again required Ainley as the Portreeve. Taping began on the Village Square and covered walkway sets of Part Three scenes featuring Castrovalvan extras, up to the scene with the child (which was recorded out of sequence in the afternoon because it involved a minor, Souska John – who, it transpired, was the niece of former companion Caroline John). The Village Square, the main set piece for the serial, was crafted by Budden after the Escher prints *Belvedere* and *Realtivitiat* (and also a French *chateau* she had visited on holiday). Dicks-Mireaux based the semi-renaissance Castrovalvan costumes on both Dutch peasants and images from Escher prints; the hats were provided by Imagineering.

Recording continued with scenes on the steps outside the Library for Part Three, followed by the sequence on the steps, covered balustrade and stairs for the end of Part Three. This led into similar scenes at the start of Part Four, including material at the Archway and in the Village Square. For the 'confused' shot which ended Part Three, CSO was used to merge together four different shots of the set into a group of geometric shapes. Other cutaway shots included the circular masked point of view shots as supposedly seen through the telescope by Nyssa and Tegan in Part Four, and a number of hand-held camera shots to show the Doctor's point of view.

Insert scenes on the gallery of the Portreeve's Chamber were taped next; these would be placed over the tapestry. The procession across the Square and Colonnade and the escape sequence at the end of Part Four came next. A number of distortion techniques were used in this sequence: "fuzzy felt" captions for Nyssa's point of view, allowing three images to be laid over a main shot; a pixelation generator to degrade images of Castrovalvans running around the balustrades; and one sequence was recorded with a horizontally split screen to show characters running on both upper and lower surfaces of a balcony. In

DIRECTOR FIONA CUMMING

Fiona Cumming trained as an actress with the Royal Scottish Academy and worked in the theatre and on television before becoming an announcer/interviewer with Border Television. Joining the BBC in 1964, she worked as an assistant floor manager on *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* in 1966 and as production assistant on both *The Highlanders* and *The Mutants*. After training as a director in 1974, Cumming worked on a number of BBC shows such as *Z Cars* and *Angels* before going freelance in 1979, after which she directed episodes of *The Omega Factor*, *Blake's 7* and *Square Mile of Murder*.

With the help of Mergrave (Michael Sheard) the Doctor attempts to discern the improbable topography of Castrovalva

"I wanted to keep everyone guessing . . ."

John Nathan-Turner *Producer* "I didn't want an opening story wherein everyone could tune in and find out what the new Doctor was like from the very first episode. I wanted to keep everyone guessing so that not only would they watch the first episode, but also the second, third and fourth as well. And if you look at our figures you'll see we got it right . . ."

Fiona Cumming *Director* "I had to watch and watch and watch *Logopolis*, because I felt as that was the nearest link, you ought to be able to get a through element on that. I found *Logopolis* difficult to understand but you wanted to be on the same wavelength, because you were working with the same author . . ."

Peter Davison *The Doctor* "The idea was for me to plunge straight into the part and then pull back a bit in *Castrovalva*, so that the first one we recorded was *Four to Doomsday*. I was feeling my way into the part and the others who were already there were adapting to me. It was a very tiring one for me to do from that respect. Later on, as we became much more familiar, the whole process was a lot easier. So I was grateful we did it that way, although you'll notice my hair grows between stories . . ."

Matthew Waterhouse *Adric* "The best *Doctor Who* I was ever in were those eight episodes which Chris wrote, *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva*. They were damned good science fiction . . ."

BBC Video [5], Jeremy Bentham [1]

this sequence, Cumming made deliberate mistakes in television grammar, rapidly intercutting, reframing and using reverse shots to present a confused picture. The fireplace which appeared as the Master's TARDIS was set into one of the final sequences.

Afternoon and evening taping on Thursday 1 began in the Portreeve's Chamber. The Portreeve's transformation into the Master, conducted across a recording break, required the use of a locked-off camera. The Master's weapon, seen in *Logopolis*, was now identified as his Tissue Compression Eliminator. Flash charges were attached to the Zero Cabinet as it split open. Roll-back-and-mix effects were used to make Ruther and the Master's TARDIS vanish. Stuntman Ken Barker doubled for Waring in the chandelier sequence. Pyrotechnics were detonated across the tapestry, and a spark generator image was again superimposed over shots of Adric in the web.

The evening session (which overran by 15 minutes due to problems with scenery scaffolding) centred on the Master. Recorded first were sequences at the Rock-Face Entrance in which Mergrave appeared in hunting clothes, followed by the escape at the end of Part Four in which the character wore his usual attire. A plan to record two more complex 'fuzzy felt' shots of Castrovalva breaking up was abandoned. The final scenes taped were those on the Master's TARDIS set, a minimal black version of the Zero Room set which incorporated an electric platform on which Ainley stood to address Waterhouse.

SERIAL 5Z **CASTROVALVA**

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* with **Janet Fielding** *Tegan*, **Sarah Sutton** *Nyssa*, **Matthew Waterhouse** *Adric*, **Dallas Cavell** *Head of Security* [1], **Anthony Ainley** *The Master*, **Frank Wylie** *Ruther* [2-4], **Michael Sheard** *Mergrave* [3-4], **Derek Waring** *Shardovan* [3-4], **Neil Toynay*** *Portreeve* [3], **Souska John** *Child* [3].
*Pseudonym for Anthony Ainley

EXTRAS **Tom Baker** *The Doctor**; **Adrian Gibbs** *The Watcher**; **Harry Fielder**, **Kenneth Lawrie** *Security Guards*; **Peter Roy**, **Derek Matt** *Ambulancemen*; **David Ellis** *Ambulance Driver***; **Cy Town**, **Mark Allington**, **Ernie Goodyear**, **Colin Cook**, **Dave Harrison**, **Ray Martin** *Castrovalvan Warriors*; **Mark Allington**, **Ernie Goodyear**, **Colin Cook**, **Dave Harrison**, **Ray Martin**, **Mike Vinden**, **David Payne**, **George Ballantine**, **Malcolm Ross**, **David Bulbeck**, **Eric Corlett**, **Steven Griffiths**, **Giles Melville**, **James Gregory** *Castrovalvan Men*; **Lucy Gwynn**, **Helen Hembrough**, **Jennie Piper**, **Sally Gardner**, **Maureen Stevens**, **June Parkhurst**, **Rosemary Smith**, **Delphine Auchterlonie**, **Lynn Austin**, **Sheila Vivian**, **Ilana Barry**, **Valerie Needham**, **Jean Channon**, **Dorothy Grumber** *Castrovalvan Women*; **Ken Barker** *Stunt Double for Shardovan*.
*Stock from *Logopolis*
**Not seen in finished programme

CREDITS *Written by* **Christopher H. Bidmead**. *Incidental Music* **Paddy Kingsland**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Production Manager* **Margot Hayhoe**. *Production Associate* **Angela Smith**. *Production Assistant* **Olivia Cripps**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Renny Tasker**. *Film Cameraman* **John Baker**. *Film Sound* **Jim McAlister**. *Film Editor* **Mike Houghton** [1-2], **Robin Jackman** [3-4]. *Visual Effects Designer* **Simon McDonald**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Technical Manager* **Clive Gulliver**. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Vision Mixer* **Carol Johnson**. *Videotape Editor* **Rod Waldron**. *Studio Lighting* **Ron Bristow**. *Studio Sound* **Laurie Taylor**. *Costume Designer* **Odile Dicks-Mireaux**. *Make-Up Artist* **Marion Richards**. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Janet Budden**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Fiona Cumming**. BBC © 1981.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION*

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Ratings/Positon	A.App
Part One**	4 January 1982	6.55-7.20pm	24'14"	9.1M (54th)	NR
Part Two	5 January 1982	7.00-7.25pm	24'13"	8.6M (84th)	NR
Part Three	11 January 1982	6.55-7.20pm	23'35"	10.2M (47th)	NR
Part Four	12 January 1982	7.05-7.30pm	24'12"	10.4M (46th)	NR

*BBC Cymru: 4, 6, 11 and 13 January 1982 7.45-8.10pm
**BBC Scotland: 3.30-3.55pm

NR: Not Recorded

In the gallery-only session for *Castrovalva* a number of video effects were added: blue/green energy waves from the Master's TARDIS; images on the TARDIS scanner; Adric's appearance in the Zero Room; still film images on the tapestry (Cumming had hoped to make the pictures on the tapestry move); inlay of Adric in the Master's TARDIS; and the orange glow of the Master's weapon when used on the Zero Cabinet. For the first time, a pre-titles sequence was used: one minute of material featuring Tom Baker (the Doctor) and Adrian Gibbs (the Watcher) from the end of *Logopolis* Part Four (omitting the final shot, the companions flashback and with new music and overdubs from Waterhouse and Sutton). For the closing credits, it was now established that the lead character should be billed as "The Doctor". Ainley received two credits on Part Three – once as himself for "The Master" and also as Neil Toynay (an anagram of Tony Ainley suggested by Cumming's husband) as "The Portreeve" to better preserve the surprise revelation in Part Four.

A music score was prepared by Paddy Kingsland; around 45 minutes' worth of incidental tracks were dubbed in October 1981. At this point, Kingsland was in the process of leaving the BBC after ten years, and *Castrovalva* was his final assignment for the Radiophonic Workshop. The soundtrack was augmented by sound effects such as a natural history recording of a jungle in Sri Lanka from 1945, canaries singing and a Tibetan ceremonial horn. The sound effect for the TARDIS in hover mode in Part Two was originally created for the ship's fault locator in the first Dalek serial.

Radio Times carried a colour one-page feature marking Peter Davison's debut as the Doctor under the title *New Who* in its Thursday 31 December edition. Davison made an appearance on BBC1's *Swap Shop* on Saturday 9 January – part way through the serial's broadcast – and guested with wife Sandra Dickinson on *So You Think You Know What's Good For You?* the same night that *Castrovalva* Part Three was transmitted.

BBC Scotland broadcast the first episode at 3.30pm to allow a programme called *The Heavies* to be shown in the evening. For the whole season, BBC Cymru favoured regional programme *Heddiw* over *Doctor Who*, scheduling the latter on Mondays and Wednesdays at 7.45pm. Competition on ITV came in the form of the holiday programme *Wish You Were Here* on Mondays, with *Give Us a Clue* networked at 7pm on Tuesday 5 and most regions screening *Emmerdale Farm* on Tuesday 12. The new slot secured a marked improvement on ratings for the previous season.

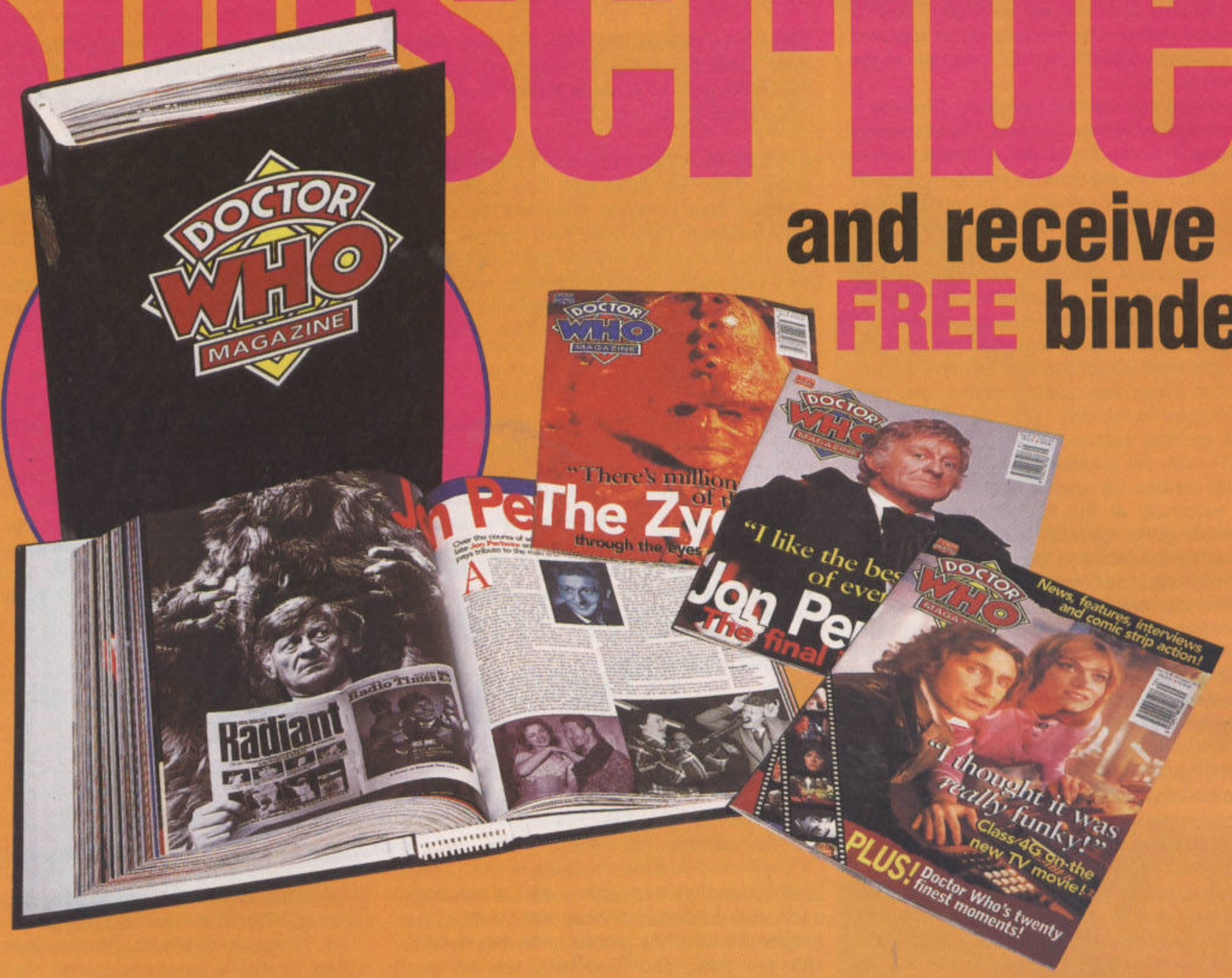
Bidmead adapted and expanded his story as *Doctor Who – Castrovalva*, which was issued in hardback by WH Allen in March 1983 with a Target paperback (Book No 76) following in June. The original photomontage cover was replaced by an Alister Pearson painting for a June 1991 reprint. In April 1983, View-Master International issued its second *Doctor Who*-related title – three reels containing 21 special stereoscopic images photographed on the set and on location for *Castrovalva*. In the mid-eighties, the serial was sold abroad to countries such as Australia, New Zealand and Canada. In North America it was also syndicated as a one hour 26 minutes TV Movie.

Twelve of Kingsland's music cues for the serial formed one side of a soundtrack cassette, *Doctor Who: The Corridor of Eternity*, issued for the Doctor Who Appreciation Society in late 1990 *Castrovalva* was released uncut by BBC Video in March 1992, with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter. The serial was screened in episodic form by UK Gold in June 1994 with compilation transmissions in August 1994 and June 1996. The serial is retained by the BBC Film and Videotape Library on its original two-inch videotape. DWM

The Village Square set

Subscribe!

and receive a FREE binder!


DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
"There's million of th
The Zy
through the eyes
Radiant
Radio Times
"I like the best of ever
Jon Pe
The final
News, features, interviews and comic strip action!
"I thought it was really funky!"
Class 4G on the new TV movie!
PLUS! Doctor Who's twenty finest moments!

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Name

Address

Post Code

Date of Birth

Please supply me 13 issues of **Doctor Who Magazine**, starting from the next available issue, and my free binder. I understand that any one-off specials are not covered by this offer.

☐ UK £39.00 ☐ Europe £48.30 ☐ Other overseas £58.00

SC0116F

I would like to order ☐ further binders at a cost of £4.99 each.

Method of payment

☐ I enclose a cheque made payable to **Marvel Comics**

☐ Please charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

My card number is (13 or 16 digits)

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry Date ☐ Signature ☐

Discount rates

☐ I am a member of the **Doctor Who Appreciation Society** and my membership number is: ☐

I am a member of the ☐ **Friends of Doctor Who**
☐ **Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia** ☐ **New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club**
and enclose my **DWM** subscription discount voucher/label with this application.

☐ *On occasion we may permit other reputable companies to make offers of products or services to our customers. Tick here if you would prefer not to receive details of any special offers or new products.*

Subscribe to *Doctor Who Magazine* today and you'll receive a snazzy binder worth £4.99, perfect for keeping all the coming year's issues in mint condition!

By subscribing to *DWM* you can be sure to:

- **Never miss an issue!**
- **Have the magazine delivered to your door!**
- **Receive each issue without delay!**
- **Avoid any cover price rises during the year!**

Now you're convinced of the inescapable wisdom of subscribing, simply fill in the coupon on the right (or a photocopy) and post it with your payment to the address shown.

Cut out or copy this coupon and post it with your payment to:

Doctor Who Subscriptions, PO Box 503,
Leicester, Great Britain LE94 OAD

***Telephone enquiries* 01858 410510**

Members of the *Doctor Who Appreciation Society*, the *Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia*, the *Friends of Doctor Who* and the *New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club* can receive special discounts on subscriptions to *DWM*. Please contact your society for details.

Further binders can be ordered by subscribers at £4.99 each, using the form.
Please note, however, that the binders only hold A4 size issues of *Doctor Who Magazine*.

Fluid Links

by **Matthew Jones**

Oh, stop yer moaning . . .

There's a great line in *The Mark of the Rani* (no, honestly, there is). When the Doctor and his companion are questioned about what they get up to inside what appears to be a large blue cupboard, Peri grins and says, "Argue mostly." It's a surprisingly adult line for *Doctor Who*, full of sexual connotations, very funny, and also manages to sum up the relationship between the Doctor and most of his companions for the better part of the eighties.

Quite why the eighties incarnations of the Doctor seem to have such turbulent relationships with their friends is not immediately clear. Life aboard the TARDIS doesn't seem to have been any more (or less) stressful than it was for the previous four Doctors. The monsters are no more fierce and the challenges no more demanding: the Doctor is still expected to save the universe from a collection of psychotic, self-important men, armed only with a couple of gadgets and a few half-baked ideas. I suspect that the rows between the regulars result not from some necessity of the storytelling or character development specific to the period, but in the new production team's ideas about drama.

In retrospect I'd hazard that some of the eighties script editors confused the idea that conflict makes good drama with the idea that people standing about arguing with each other makes for exciting TV. And so we were increasingly subjected to TARDIS bickering scenes between the regular cast. In fact, what with Adric demanding inexplicably to go back to E-space and then for some equally inexplicable reason demanding not to go, Tegan ever complaining that the Doctor hadn't managed to get her back to Heathrow Airport and Peri moaning on about . . . well, about everything really, there were very few moments when the Fifth and Sixth Doctors and their companions, you know, had fun.

And this annoys me enormously. Why? Well, because I think travelling around the universe with the Doctor ought to be the most fantastic way to spend your days – up there with being in the audience when your favourite band launches into your favourite song, and snogging someone you've a crush on for weeks for the very first time. In short, it should be what psychologists of the human condition call a peak experience. The way the Fifth and Sixth Doctors and their 'friends' went on you'd have thought their lives together were akin to being given detention on a sunny afternoon or that feeling of confinement you begin to get on Boxing Day when you realise that you've spent far too much time with your relatives.

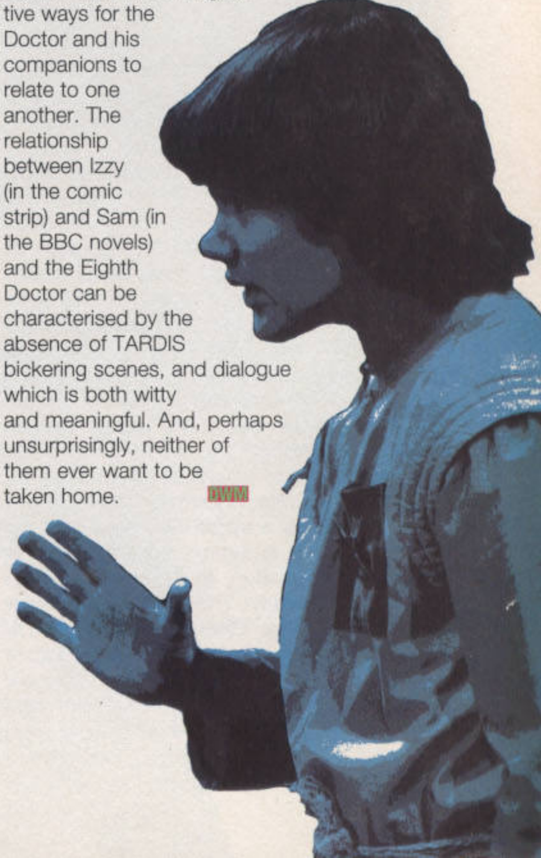
Perhaps the production team and the writers thought they were making the show more adult by upping the tension in the control room? But once you take away that idea that travelling with the Doctor is fun, the whole thing falls apart very quickly. What are you left with? Days spent getting threatened, beaten up, facing universal Armageddon or at the very least spraining your ankle and being possessed by the Mara. It's no surprise that, having tired of all the arguments and the violence, Tegan leaves. Caught between a row in the TARDIS and getting murdered or hypnotised outside of it – what reason did she have to stay?

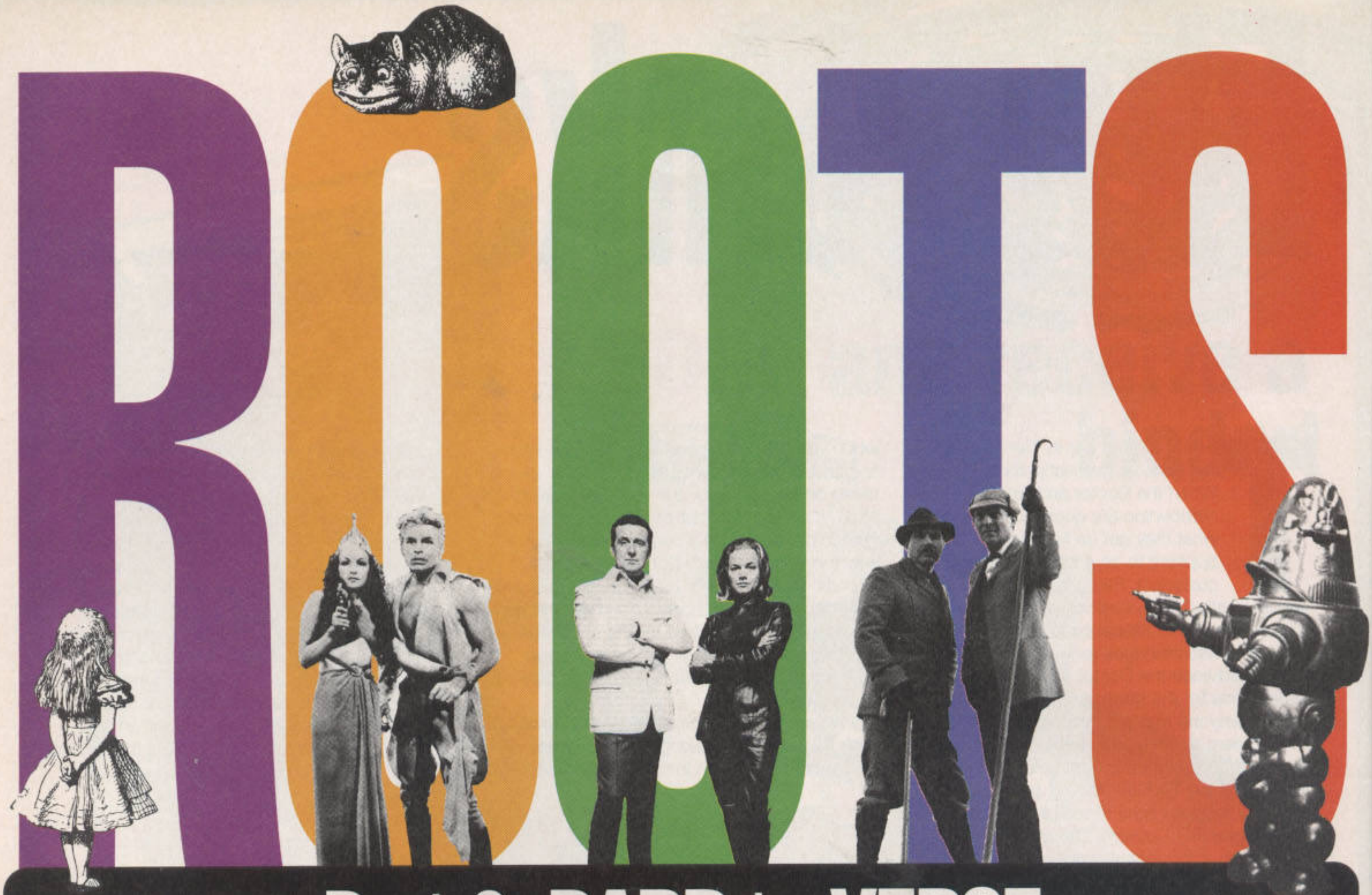
There really is no reason why being a member of the TARDIS crew shouldn't be fun

There really is no reason why being a member of the TARDIS crew shouldn't be fun. One of my very favourite moments from the programme comes from *The Ribos Operation*: the Doctor and Romana have been locked up and when Romana gives voice to her concerns at the prospect of certain death in the morning at the hands of the bloodthirsty Graff Vynda-K, the Doctor just smiles reassuringly and says, "When your life has been threatened as often as mine, you'll find this is much more fun." Romana has learned much by the time of her second incarnation. In *State of Decay*, locked up again – this time by bloodthirsty vampires – Romana and the Doctor have a charming conversation about legends before Romana drops into the conversation that she knows where the information can be found to defeat their foes. The Doctor grins. "You are wonderful," he says, flirtatiously. "Me? Wonderful? I suppose I am," Romana replies before beaming broadly, "I've never really thought about it." Their lives may be in the most terrible danger, the safety of many others may depend upon their courage and inventiveness, but that's no reason for them to have a row. Quite the reverse, in fact. What both these examples illustrate is that it requires so much more imagination and skill to write witty and fun interaction between characters than merely to have them moan at each other.

Now, it would be a little unfair to tar the entirety of the eighties with the same brush. After Peri had been married off, Melanie developed a warm friendship with the Seventh Doctor, although she had cruelly bullied the Sixth over his weight and lack of exercise. And, let's face it, if a mysterious extraterrestrial whisked you off for a quick trip around the galaxy, would you really try and force them to drink carrot juice and exert themself on an exercise bike? I mean, *really*? While the Seventh Doctor's relationship with Ace comes close to Tom and Lalla's level of on screen warmth and intimacy, their friendship was strained both by the Doctor's unforgivable exploitation of her feelings for him, and the rather parental approach he took to her interest in explosives and expletives.

It took a new generation of writers, who took hold of the characters after the television programme spluttered and finally died, to find more imaginative ways for the Doctor and his companions to relate to one another. The relationship between Izzy (in the comic strip) and Sam (in the BBC novels) and the Eighth Doctor can be characterised by the absence of TARDIS bickering scenes, and dialogue which is both witty and meaningful. And, perhaps unsurprisingly, neither of them ever want to be taken home. DWM





ROOTS

Part 6 BARD to VERSE

Concluding his fascinating study of the diverse sources to feed into televised *Doctor Who*, Stephen Cartwright considers the influence of Shakespeare and Shaw, Wilde and Webster, and Blake and Bowie . . .

In both structure and subject matter, *Doctor Who* is in many ways a classic fairytale. There are bizarre and fantastic creatures to be fought, appearances which deceive and strange journeys to be undertaken, and in the end good invariably prevails over the forces of evil; even when the Doctor deliberately fudges it in *Genesis of the Daleks* he takes pains to point out that his is a moral victory. *Galaxy 4* and *The Caves of Androzani* offer variations on the classic 'Beauty and the Beast' narrative, while *Warriors' Gate* – which, as we have seen, makes visual quotation from Jean Cocteau's *La Belle et la Bête* – concludes with an obvious approximation of the story's central conceit: Beauty relinquishes the company of her wandering father to remain in the castle of the Beast. *Mawdryn Undead*'s eternally drifting ship of penitent criminals is inspired by the tale of the *Flying Dutchman* (a source made explicit by a prefatory quotation in Peter Grimwade's novelisation), while *The Romans* famously borrows from Hans Christian Andersen's *The Emperor's New Clothes* to cast the Doctor as a silent lute-player. The distinctly unhaunting *Time and the Rani* appropriates one of the most haunting of all fairy stories, *The Snow Queen*, to provide some of its plot details: a clever boy is kidnapped by the wicked Snow Queen, whose servants are a swarm of bees ("Oh no! Killer insects!"), and with the aid of a mirror removes his memory and sets him to work constructing Eternity from slivers of ice. Kay's friend Gerda, assisted by a bird, tries to rescue him, and eventually succeeds after a ruse involving a wig. Coincidence? Pah!

The poetic quality of fairytales makes them ideal *Doctor Who* material. The same might be said with regard to the fairytale quality of poetry. The quoting of poetry and plays in *Doctor Who* is immensely widespread, and this is not the place to list every example. As we'll be reminding ourselves in a moment, the Fourth Doctor is particularly prone to a bit of Shakespeare, while his Sixth incarnation is a walking index of quotations – in *The Twin Dilemma* we get Longfellow's *Excelsior* ("The shades of night were falling fast . . .") and Thomas Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* ("One Morn a Peri at the gate/Of Eden stood, disconsolate"), while *The Mark of the Rani* has Thomas Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* ("There was silence deep as death") and the customary misquoting of Mary Howitt (it actually goes "'Will you walk into my parlour?' said a spider to a fly"). There are dozens if not hundreds of other exam-

Eliza (Audrey Hepburn) in *My Fair Lady*, plus two Doctored Dolittles

BBCVideo [3]

ples littered throughout the show's history, but until the demand exists for a complete *Doctor Who Dictionary of Quotations* we'll try to restrict ourselves to the ones which actually boast some degree of relevance to the story in question.

Two of Terrance Dicks' five *Doctor Who* stories were inspired by poems

It's a rare *Doctor Who* story that can claim to be inspired by a poem, but writer Terrance Dicks is responsible for no fewer than two such specimens. *Horror of Fang Rock* is the first, drawn in part from *The Ballad of Flannan Isle*, Wilfred Gibson's spine-chilling tale of an abandoned lighthouse, and openly declares as much when the Doctor quotes from the poem at the end of the story. The other, as Dicks has attested in interviews, is *The Five Doctors*; the idea of the Death Zone emerges from a reading of Robert Browning's *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*. An obscure Gothic narrative inspired by a line from Shakespeare's *King Lear*, the poem recounts a traveller's journey (perhaps, if he is already dead, to his own tomb) across a blighted wilderness ("Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth") to the mysterious Dark Tower ("The round squat turret . . . Built of brown stone, without a counterpart/In the whole world"), where he raises a horn to his lips and blows. It was with this image in mind that Dicks began to construct the story in which the Doctors and their companions become "The Knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed/Their steps". So that's two Terrance Dicks stories featuring mysterious towers with ominous horns blasting through the fog, and each of them inspired by a spooky old poem. Crazy. Next you'll be telling me there are two Terrance Dicks stories in which the Doctor's companion gets temporarily blinded.

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here," quips the Doctor as he drives Bessie through the gates of Stangmoor Prison at the beginning of *The Mind of Evil*. Having the Doctor quote the best-known line from Dante's *Inferno* seems to tie in very well with writer Don Houghton's only other *Doctor Who* story. It seems unlikely to be a coincidence that the submerged existential 'message' in the final episode of *Inferno* – the Doctor's musing on "an infinite number of choices, so free will is not an illusion after all" – should be a direct echo of the lesson Dante's narrator learns when ascending the mountain of Purgatory after escaping from the Inferno:

You men on earth attribute everything
to the spheres' influence alone, as if
with some predestined plan they moved all things.
If this were true, then our free will would be
annihilated: it would not be just
to render bliss for good or pain for evil . . .
. . . you have the light that shows you right from wrong.

The Third Doctor's moral universe is constructed around precisely this philosophical centre.

At the other end of the Pertwee era, *Planet of the Spiders* offers a poetic reference which is evidence enough that the much-vaunted mysticism of the Robert Sloman/Barry Letts season finales isn't simply idle flower-powering. Once his mind has been expanded by the Metebelis crystal, it's entirely appropriate that Tommy should learn to read and to articulate the difference between 'pretty' and 'beautiful' with the help of William Blake's poem *The Tyger*. As well as being a long-standing favourite among schoolteachers trying to interest young children in poetry, *The Tyger* is a central (and, of course, by far the best-known) component in a larger work called *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, which considers the changing relationship between the human mind and the rest of creation as the innocent child develops into the condition of 'Experience' which so preoccupied the troubled poet himself. In the transcendental *milieu* of *Planet of the Spiders*, Tommy is a manifestation of both qualities, straddling the gulf between Blake's visions of 'The Lamb' and 'The Tyger'. He survives the spiders' psychic blasts because, as K'anpo Rinpoche explains, he is "protected by his innocence".

The theatre, meanwhile, has provided several sources of inspiration for *Doctor Who* writers. George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* has often been cited by members of Season Fourteen's production team as the basis for the idea of the Doctor's education of the uncivilised Leela. In both *The Android Invasion* and *The Sun Makers*, the Fourth Doctor makes nonsense references to Anton Chekhov's play *The Three Sisters*; the eponymous heroines are indeed called Olga, Masha and Irena, although they don't live at the bottom of a treacle well in most traditional productions. Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* provides a good gag or two; Lady Bracknell's famous exclamation on learning that Jack Worthing was discovered as "a hand-bag?" is happily played upon in both *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* ("a hatbox?") and also in *The Seeds of Doom* ("a car boot?"). The latter strings out the joke in order to paraphrase the next couple of Wilde's lines ("the car is immaterial!"). In a similar vein, *Black Orchid* appropriately tips its hat to Brandon Thomas' upper-class farce of doubles and mistaken identities, *Charley's Aunt*, with a direct quotation ("Brazil, where the nuts come from"). And, of course, Terrance Dicks drew freely from his own 1974 play *Doctor Who and the Daleks in Seven Keys to Doomsday* when writing *The Brain of Morbius* the following year – as well as being set on the desolate planet of Karn, the play features a disembodied brain, a mind-bending contest and a race of creatures each equipped with a single giant lobster-claw. But pish and tush: in the final analysis, there's only one poet and playwright who has left a truly lasting impression on *Doctor Who*.

The Doctor's penchant for Shakespeare provides an abiding point of reference for *Doctor*

"To be, or... er... what was it?" The great Larry Olivier fluffs his lines while the Doctor (Tom Baker) de-fluffs his scarf

Who's writers throughout the programme's history. England's greatest poet even makes a fleeting appearance in the spoofy Time/Space Visualiser scene in the first episode of *The Chase,* which allows writer Terry Nation to posit the dubious suggestion that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was directly commissioned by Elizabeth I on the strength of the previous appearances of Sir John Falstaff in the *Henry IV* plays, as well as delving into the ever-popular theory that Shakespeare's works were heavily influenced, if not written, by the philosopher and poet Francis Bacon. *City of Death* goes so far as to suggest that the Doctor acted as Shakespeare's amanuensis [literary assistant] during the drafting of *Hamlet*, while in *Planet of Evil* we learn that the Bard was a "charming fellow" but a "dreadful actor". *Doctor Who*'s quotations from Shakespeare are almost countless, particularly during the eras of the Fourth and Sixth Doctors; in the respective final episodes of *The Two Doctors* and *The Trial of a Time Lord*, the Sixth Doctor manages to work his way through most of Act III of *Hamlet* alone [see panel left for more examples].

While Shakespeare has provided *Doctor Who*'s scriptwriters with a rich seam of quotable lines and suitably resonant names ('Mandragora' cops a mention in both *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, for example, while *Revelation of the Daleks* has its "Grand Order of Oberon"), and while it's often been remarked that the more grandiloquent historical stories like *The Crusade* and *The Massacre* adopt a style that is conspicuously 'Shakespearean', there are surprisingly few instances in which his plays have seriously influenced *Doctor Who*'s storylines. *The Caves of Androzani*, however, is notably influenced by the trappings of an important theatrical genre to which Shakespeare made some memorable additions. Revenge tragedy, a fantastically successful vogue in the late 16th and early 17th centuries, is typified by such plays as Cyril Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy*, John Webster's *The White Devil* and Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*. Shakespeare contributed to the movement with the mind-bogglingly bloodthirsty *Titus Andronicus* before turning it inside out with *Richard III* and finally trumping the entire genre with a moderately influential little piece called *Hamlet*. The central ingredient of the typical Jacobean revenge play is always the grievously wronged anti-hero lurking unconsidered in the background of a monstrously corrupt society, meditating his revenge on a double-crossing enemy who, as the story begins, has murdered his way to the top of the social ladder. Usually the hapless anti-hero dallies on the brink of madness, there are numerous sub-plots in which the duplicity of unattractive minor characters is gorily punished, unrequited passion and grisly disfigurement feature heavily, and the final act delivers a barrage of sudden deaths, leaving a stage strewn with corpses. All of this is readily reflected in the Fifth Doctor's final adventure *The*

"Charming fellow . . . dreadful actor"

Some (just some, mind) of *Doctor Who*'s classic Shakespearean moments

"But that the dread of something after death, / The undiscovered country from whose bourn / No traveller returns, puzzles the will . . ."
***Hamlet* act III scene i**
Strenuously hammed by the Valeyard and the Doctor in *The Trial of a Time Lord.* The makers of *Star Trek VI* detected an ambiguity in the phrase "death, The undiscovered country", and decided that it actually means 'the future, The undiscovered country'. With such razor-sharp insight as this, it's no wonder *Star Trek* is so good

"O my prophetic soul!"
***Hamlet* act I scene v**
Quoted by the Doctor in *The Horns of Nimon* as the invading Nimons begin to arrive from Crinoth; burlesqued later as "O my gravitic anomaliser!"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, / Than are dreamt of in your philosophy"
***Hamlet* act I scene v**
Misquoted by the Doctor in *The Mark of the Rani* after Peri is saved from certain doom by the intervention of a sentient tree. Possibly not exactly what Shakespeare had in mind

"I am but mad north-north-west"
***Hamlet* act II scene ii**
Recalled by the Doctor in *City of Death* following the discussion of the first draft of *Hamlet.* "I'm quite convinced you're mad," says the Countess. Replies the Doctor: "Only nor'-nor'-west, nobody's perfect"

"By the pricking of my thumbs, / Something wicked this way comes"
***Macbeth* act IV scene i**
A favourite witchy line dredged up by the Doctor in *The Robots of Death*

"Alas, poor Yorick"
***Hamlet* act V scene i**
"Alas, poor skull!" muses the Doctor in *Image of the Fendahl* upon meeting, er, a skull

"To be, or not to be; that is the question: / Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer / The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, / Or to take arms against a sea of troubles . . ."
***Hamlet* act III scene i**
Read aloud (and grammatically lampooned) by the Doctor in *City of Death.* "That is the question" is also the Doctor's consciously Shakespearean response to an inquiry from Sarah in *Planet Of Evil*

"To die, to sleep; / To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub"
***Hamlet* act III scene i**
The dying words of Oscar Botcherby in *The Two Doctors*, met by an appropriate valediction from the Doctor: "Good-night, sweet prince" (*Hamlet,* act V scene ii)

"Hoist with his own petard"
***Hamlet* act II scene iv**
Along with the one about Yorick, the most frequently misquoted line from this most hyper-quoted of plays. The Master almost gets it right in *The King's Demons*

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; / I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him"
***Julius Caesar* act III scene ii**
A famous opening gambit leapt upon by Ian in his brand new Imperial haircut (courtesy of that connoisseur of coiffure Barbara Wright) in *The Romans*

"A hit, a very palpable hit"
***Hamlet* act V scene ii**
Comedy line suitably inserted by the Third Doctor into the Dalek/ 'root' battle in *Death to the Daleks*

"Go softly on"
***Hamlet* act IV scene iv**
Fortinbras' dulcet injunction is bellowed by the Doctor in *Castrovalva*, but the joke is Shakespeare's, since it's originally addressed to the Captain of a 20,000-strong army on the march

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow"
***Hamlet* act V scene ii**
Hence, presumably, the Doctor's observation in *Remembrance of the Daleks* that the Daleks' tracking equipment is sensitive enough to pinpoint a falling sparrow . . .

"He that outlives this day, and comes safe home, / Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd, / And rouse him at the name of Crispian"
***Henry V* act IV scene iii**
Part of Henry's rabble-rousing speech to the English army at Agincourt, freely borrowed by the Doctor for a similar purpose in *State of Decay*, the substitution of "E-Space" in place of "Crispian" is forgiveable in the circumstances

"This was the noblest Roman of them all"
***Julius Caesar* act V scene v**
A famous closing gambit suitably paraphrased by the Doctor for a farewell to a faithful companion in *Warriors' Gate*: "You were the noblest Romana of them all!"

"The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!"
***Macbeth* act V scene v**
Totally out of context, but forcibly yoked to the tenuous fact that a Cyberman has just been dispatched with gold dust (geddit?) in *Revenge of the Cybermen*

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day / Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops"
***Romeo and Juliet* act III scene v**
Romeo gets poetic. As does the Doctor in *Planet of Evil*

Caves of Androzani – and although Sharaz Jek is hardly Hamlet, he's remarkably close to Vindice, the twisted hero of *The Revenger's Tragedy*.

Far more immediately connected with Shakespeare's revenge cycle, however, is *The Masque of Mandragora*, which flagrantly borrows its initial political set-up from *Hamlet*; both stories begin with a small nation struggling to assert its autonomy against the predacity of its neighbours, its stability threatened by the fact that its beloved ruler has just been clandestinely poisoned by the rightful heir's wicked uncle. Like Prince Hamlet, Giuliano is a forward-looking Renaissance man who recoils from the medieval barbarity threatened by his uncle's oppressively militaristic regime. More pointedly, writer Louis Marks uses the concept of Mandragora itself as a metaphor for the abyss of superstition and primitivism on the brink of which San Martino finds itself teetering, just as Hamlet finds himself on the cusp of a new age of scientific, philosophical and religious enquiry which is threatened by the repercussions of his uncle's crime, the "primal eldest curse" of fratricide. It can't be a coincidence that when the hypnotised Sarah is ordered to kill the Doctor, she is given the very weapon with which Hamlet considers making his quietus in the famous "To be, or not to be" soliloquy – "a bare bodkin". [See also *The Man Behind the Masque*, **DWM** 256.]

The Caves of Androzani has all the key themes of a Jacobean revenge play

When, in *Kinda*, the Fifth Doctor misquotes from *The Tempest* (it ought to be "such stuff/As dreams are made *on*", not "of"), he's letting the cat out of the bag regarding one of the story's countless abstruse sources. That famous line continues "And our little life/Is rounded with a sleep"; dreams, sleep, and what Hamlet and Prospero both think of as "that sleep of death" are obviously central components of *Kinda*, and the strange planet on which "the wind blows through the chimes" but "the dreaming of an unshared mind" can awaken the manifestation of evil, directly recalls Caliban's equally famous speech from Act III of *The Tempest*:

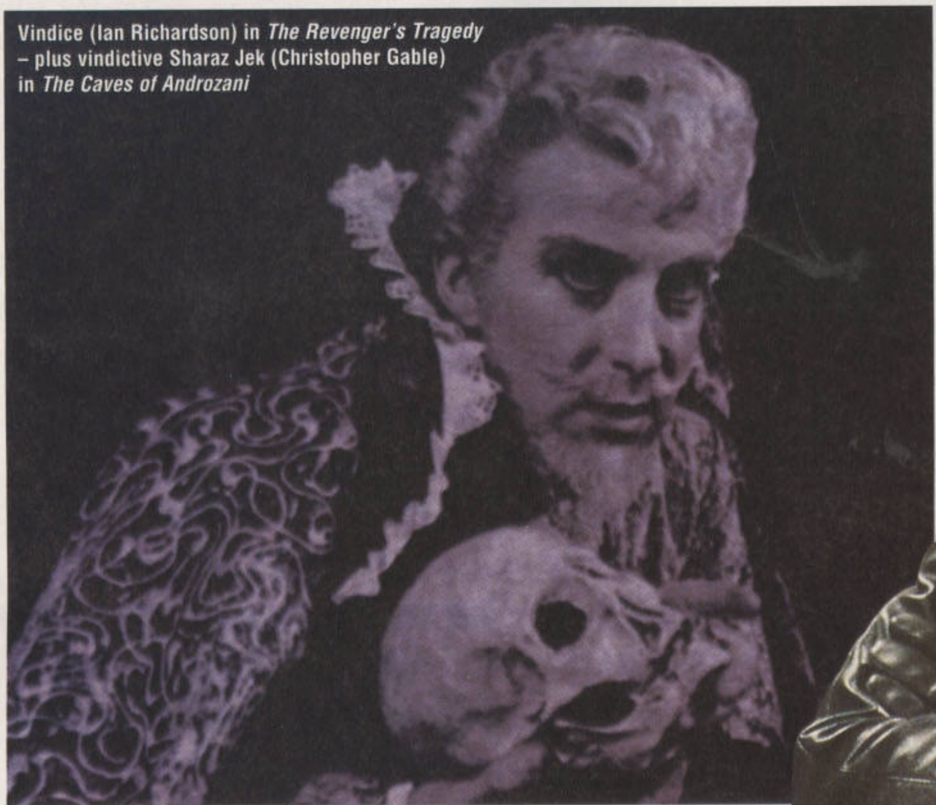
Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight,
and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again."

The setting of *Kinda* is markedly influenced by *The Tempest*'s fantastical island, and the colonial aspirations of the unscrupulous castaways who fail to comprehend the supernatural qualities of their new environment are strongly reminiscent of the survey team on Deva Loka. It would probably be pushing credibility to begin making direct comparisons between Panna and Prospero, Karuna and Miranda, the Mara and Caliban, but the essence of both stories – the expulsion of usurpers, the crushing of a powerplay by a dissolute "thing of darkness" and the restoration of territory to its rightful people, is basically the same.

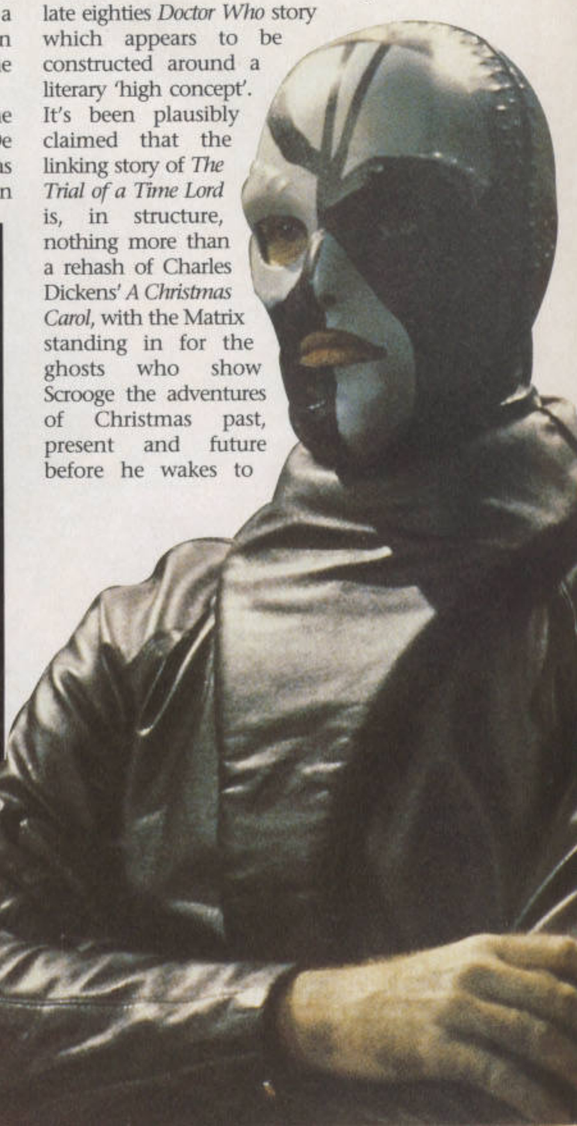
Silver Nemesis, meanwhile, groans beneath the weight of its mirthful Jacobean rib-ticklers. De Flores is the name of the villain in Thomas Middleton's play *The Changeling*, but Kevin Clarke's main source of humour seems once again to be Stratford's finest. When Lady Peinforte assures Richard that "the bear will not pursue us – such things only happen in the theatre", she is referring to Shakespeare's most celebrated stage direction, "Exit pursued by a bear", which hails from *The Winter's Tale* – a play which, appropriately enough, features a character called Florizel and reaches its revelatory climax with a female statue coming to life.

This in-jokey line-dropping of great literature is one of the many preoccupations which undergo a noticeable upswing during the period of *Doctor Who* overseen by script editor Andrew Cartmel. Either it's a huge coincidence, or the plot of *The Curse of Fenric* is actually constructed around the sub-headings of TS Eliot's massively influential 1922 poem *The Waste Land*, the five parts of which are respectively entitled *The Burial of the Dead*, *A Game of Chess*, *The Fire Sermon*, *Death by Water* and *What the Thunder Said*. Given that Eliot's poem was part-inspired by the Holy Grail legend, if seems entirely in keeping that *The Curse of Fenric* should follow the familiar Cartmel pattern of sending the Doctor and his enemies scurrying in pursuit of a mythical totem of power, in this case an ancient flask (while *Battlefield* is open about its Arthurian content, there is something no less Grail-like about the Hand of Omega, the Nemesis bow, the Dragonfire, the Ragnarok amulet and even the Chimeron baby, not to mention the anagram 'Loyhargil' featured in the first of the Seventh Doctor's adventures). And now a quick quiz for you to think about during the commercial break: which other televised *Doctor Who* story features a quotation from *The Waste Land*?

Nor is *The Curse of Fenric* the only late eighties *Doctor Who* story which appears to be constructed around a literary 'high concept'. It's been plausibly claimed that the linking story of *The Trial of a Time Lord* is, in structure, nothing more than a rehash of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, with the Matrix standing in for the ghosts who show Scrooge the adventures of Christmas past, present and future before he wakes to



Vindice (Ian Richardson) in *The Revenger's Tragedy* – plus vindictive Sharaz Jek (Christopher Gable) in *The Caves of Androzani*



BBC Video [2]

forge his final redemption. The heavily Dickensian content of the final two episodes, in particular Mr Popplewick and the Doctor's "Sidney Carton heroics" (from *A Tale of Two Cities*), certainly falls into line with this reading.

The later Seventh Doctor stories are laden with a sense of their own referentiality. *Survival* features subliminal jokes like a poster for the musical *Cats*, a sign reading "Under New Management" in the window of the shop run by Hale and Pace, aka bouncers "The Management", and even a David Bowie 'Serious Moonlight' tour T-shirt – the album of that tour, *Let's Dance*, included the hit *Cat People (Putting Out Fire)*. This sort of in-joke, superficially irrelevant to the storytelling and entirely inaccessible to the viewer without a detailed knowledge of different popular media, is a sign of the new era into which *Doctor Who* moved during its last years at the BBC, and for its clearest expression we need look no further than *Ghost Light*.

In the fairytale, the Snow Queen kidnaps a genius to serve her; likewise the evil Rani (Kate O'Mara)

Ghost Light is a story which positively breaks its belt with literary references. As well as its close preoccupation with the scholarship of Charles Darwin, there are further references to *Pygmalion* (the Doctor calls the delinquent Ace "Eliza" while Control yearns to be "a ladylike"), Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw* (a haunted house story featuring a housekeeper called Mrs Grose), Lewis Carroll (the "slithy toves" and "bandersnatches" of *Jabberwocky* are mentioned), and there are name-checks for Dracula and Jekyll and Hyde. None of the characters' names seem to be accidental – Nimrod is the Old Testament's "mighty hunter", while Gwendolen/Gwendoline is the spoilt young heroine in not one but two monumental products of Victorian literature: George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* and Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The Wilde play also feeds into *Ghost Light* the revelatory discovery of Gwendoline's true parentage, while the Reverend Matthews dramatically fails to retain his own important 'Ernest'-ness. Redvers Fenn-Cooper seems to be named after novelist James Fenimore Cooper, while his deranged rantings about "the interior" refer back to Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. The Doctor refers obliquely to the cult of the "noble savage" – a popular 19th century ideal whipped up by just such works as Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*. And so it goes on.

It's no coincidence that such densely packed points of reference as those we've seen in *Ghost Light* should appear in stories hailing from the later years of *Doctor Who*'s production history. To an extent they're the product of a faster-moving, more media-literate culture than the one which created the first *Doctor Who* stories. But it's also a more fidgety culture, preoccupied with the cross-reference and the soundbite. Many of *Dragonfire*'s names are drawn from the academic world of film history and media theory [see both *Roots: Kane and Fable* in **DWM** 251 and the *Archive* feature in **DWM** 255], but without question the most revealing of Ian Briggs' in-jokes lies in quoting from a book about *Doctor Who* itself.

When the Doctor unexpectedly finds himself interrogated by an intellectual Iceworld sentry about "the assertion that the semiotic thickness of a performed text varies according to the redundancy of auxiliary performance codes", he is being confronted by a verbatim quotation from page 249 of *Doctor Who: The Unfolding Text* by John Tulloch and Manuel Alvarado, a media studies textbook published in 1983 which baffled and delighted *Doctor Who* fans in equal measure (it wasn't written for them, but they bought it anyway). In layman's terms the quotation means something along the lines of "The cultural significance of the references to books, films, people, places etc in any given piece of scriptwriting depends on how clichéd and/or irrelevant all these references to books, films, people and places actually are." It's the ultimate in-joke because by quoting a statement like that from a 'secondary' source (Tulloch and Alvarado didn't come up the term "semiotic thickness' themselves, but are quoting media theorist Keir Elam) which in itself happens to be in a book about *Doctor Who*'s media status, Ian Briggs instantly creates a "semiotically thick" reference and a piece of breathtaking "redundancy", while at the same time drawing attention to *Dragonfire*'s own obsessive paraphrasing, quoting and name-dropping. Effectively, it's *Doctor Who*'s most ostentatiously heavyweight intellectual joke, even though it's far too squirmingly self-conscious to be as funny as the (not dissimilar) John Cleese/Eleanor Bron scene in *City of Death*.

The McCoy years mark a return to literary referencing

But the point is clear: by the late eighties, *Doctor Who*'s habit of referentiality had gone so far that the very act of referring to its own and other texts was generating the action of the stories themselves. And after that, where was there to go? Well, Vancouver, as it turned out.

In the first of these six articles I said that no attempt would be made to gloss every single 'reference' to be found in *Doctor Who*, and I've stuck to my word. If I hadn't this would probably have ended up a 12-part series, or more likely an unending one, since every viewing of a *Doctor Who* episode prompts new associations. So if I've managed to point out a few things here and there that you might not have noticed before, then I'm happy. Thanks to all who have written in to take me to task over the occasional omission (*Department S* [*Timelines*, **DWM** 247] was certainly one, so my gratitude to Andrew Pixley for putting me right on that score), and in particular I'd like to thank the very brilliant Tat Wood for stirring the grey cells at regular intervals, and, where my own knowledge faltered (particularly in the realm of 'hard' SF), for bearing my borrowings with such equanimity.

And for those of you still wondering about the quotation from *The Waste Land*, it's "I will show you fear in a handful of dust." Hence we arrive at quite possibly the only Evelyn Waugh novel to be named after a line from *Snakedance*. DWM

Next issue . . .

Mad, bad and dangerous to know!

Sadists, perverts, bitches in britches and more: we put *Doctor Who*'s greatest villains in the psychiatrist's chair. Is society to blame, or is it all their parents' fault?

Pulling power!

Christopher H Bidmead on the gravity of *Frontios*' Tractators – plus details of his two unmade Sixth Doctor adventures!

inside Worldwide

BBC Books' editor and video selector Stephen Cole takes us through the ups and downs of a typical week in BBC Worldwide!

Plus . . .

The DWM Archive joins *The Crusade*!

There's something nasty in the jungle . . . *Tooth and Claw* takes a shocking turn!

Andrew Pixley uncovers a side of *Robot* you never got to see!

And all the usual malarkey!

DWM 259

On sale 20 November

Hey, Newsagent!

Please reserve/deliver* all future issues of *Doctor Who Magazine*

Name ....

Address ....

....

....

Signature of parent or guardian (if under 16)

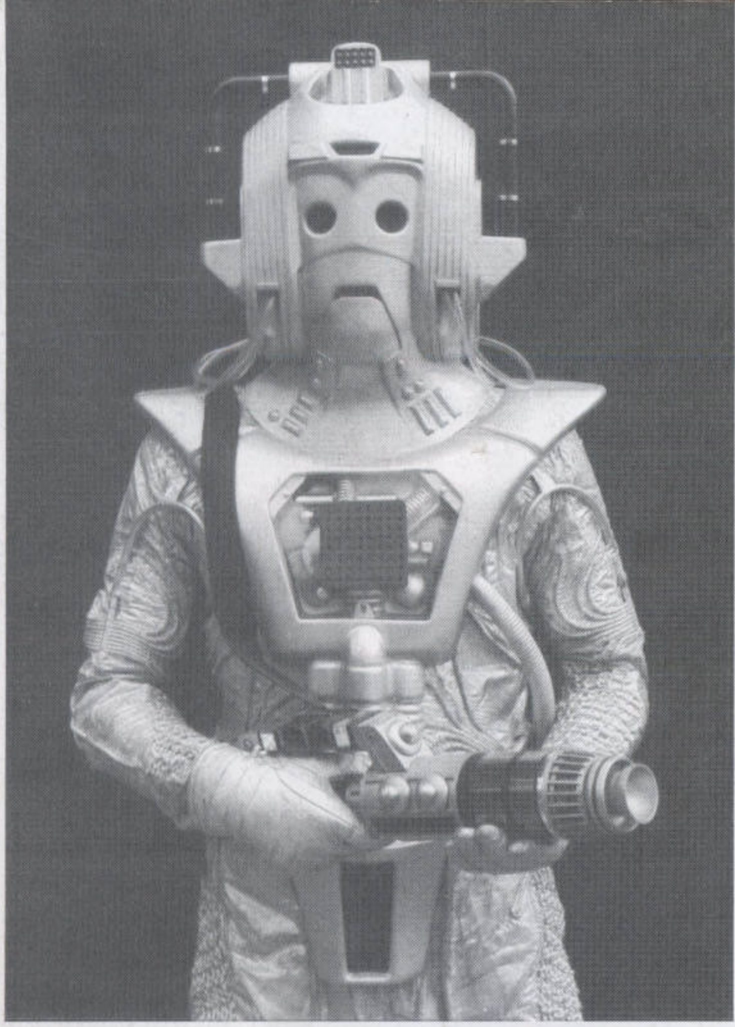
....

**Delete as applicable*

Respect is due

SEVANS
MEDIA MERCHANDISE

Six foot tall Earthshock and Invasion style Cybermen. Big scale Movie Daleks with radio control, Tardises in choice of sizes, K9s and Monsterheads. Looks like you'll be needing the catalogue then . . . .



Every style of helmet, chest, gun and suit is in our catalogue. Full sized mannequins too.

MONSTERHEADS
Full size made from correct materials

NEW K9
& TARDIS
£44.95 each

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

Full scale props, models and accessories.
Licensed, authentic and collectible memorabilia

All our products are officially licensed and quality approved by BBC Worldwide. Prices from less than £40.00.
Please write for our 35th Anniversary Doctor Who catalogue.

SEVANS MODELS PO BOX 34, TROWBRIDGE,
WILTSHIRE BA14 8XY Tel 01225 777110

Cheques payable to "Sevans Models" – allow 30 days delivery